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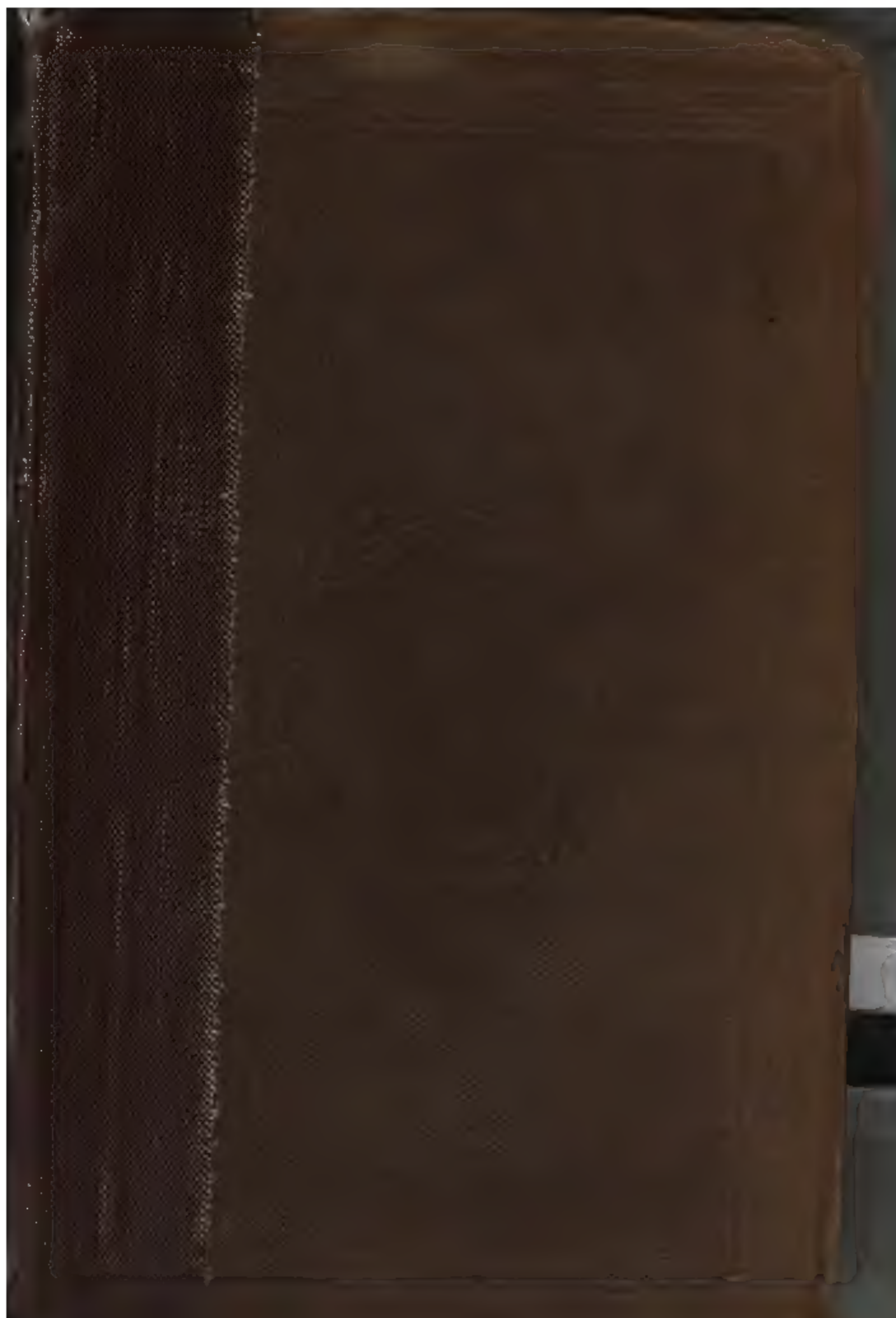
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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakspeare.

WITH
ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
BY JOHN THOMPSON:

FROM
SCULPTURE BY EDWARD, CORBOULD, HARVEY, ETC.

SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SHAKESPEARE.

TITLEMEN OF VERONA.

OR, TWELFTH NIGHT.

10/10/00

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakspeare.

WITH
SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
BY JOHN THOMPSON;

FROM
DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD, CORBOULD, HARVEY, ETC.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

TEMPEST. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHISWICK :
PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,
BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F.S.A.

AND
A LIFE OF THE POET,
BY CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

VOL. I.



Twelfth Night. Act 1. Sc. 1.

CHISWICK :
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE.

1826.

LOCKED STACKS

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

‘CAN it be wondered at (says Mr. Gifford) that Shakspeare should swell into twenty or even twice twenty volumes, when the latest editor (like the wind Cecias) constantly draws round him the floating errors of all his predecessors.’ Upwards of twenty years ago, when the evil was not so great as it has since become, Steevens confessed that there was an ‘exuberance of comment,’ arising from the ‘ambition in each little Hercules to set up pillars ascertaining how far he had travelled through the dreary wilds of black letter;’ so that there was some danger of readers being ‘frighted away from Shakspeare, as the soldiers of Cato deserted their comrade when he became bloated with poison—*crescens fugere cadaver.*’ He saw with a prophetic eye that the evil must cure itself, and that the time would arrive when some of this ivy must be removed, which only served to ‘hide the princely trunk, and suck the verdure out of it.’

This expurgatory task has been more than once undertaken, but has never hitherto, it is believed, been executed entirely to the satisfaction of the admirers of our great Poet: and the work has even now devolved upon one who, though not wholly unprepared for it by previous studies, has perhaps manifested his presumption in undertaking it 'with weak and unexamined shoulders.' He does not, however, shrink from a comparison with the labours of his predecessors, but would rather solicit that equitable mode of being judged; and will patiently, and with all becoming submission to the decision of a competent tribunal, abide the result.

As a new candidate for public favour, it may be expected that the Editor should explain the ground of his pretensions. The object then of the present publication is to afford the general reader a correct edition of Shakspeare, accompanied by an abridged commentary, in which all superfluous and refuted explanations and conjectures, and all the controversies and squabbles of contending critics should be omitted; and such elucidations only of obsolete words and obscure phrases, and such critical illustrations of the text as might be deemed most generally useful be retained. To effect this it has been necessary, for the sake of compression, to condense in some cases several pages of excursive discussion into a few lines, and

often to blend together the information conveyed in the notes of several commentators into one. When these explanations are mere transcripts or abridgments of the labours of his predecessors, and are unaccompanied by any observation of his own, it will of course be understood that the Editor intends to imply by silent 'acquiescence that he has nothing better to propose.' Fortune, however, seems to have been propitious to his labours, for he flatters himself that he has been enabled in many instances to present the reader with more satisfactory explanations of difficult passages, and with more exact definitions of obsolete words and phrases, than are to be found in the notes to the variorum editions.

The causes which have operated to overwhelm the pages of Shakspeare with superfluous notes are many; but Steevens, though eminently fitted for the task he undertook, was chiefly instrumental in increasing the evil. He has indeed been happily designated 'the Puck of commentators:' he frequently wrote notes, not with the view of illustrating the Poet, but for the purpose of misleading Malone, and of enjoying the pleasure of turning against him that playful ridicule which he knew so well how to direct. Steevens, like Malone, began his career as an editor of Shakspeare with scrupulous attention to the old copies, but when he once came to enter

tain some jealousy of Malone's intrusion into his province, he all at once shifted his ground, and adopted maxims entirely opposed to those which guided his rival editor. Upon a recent perusal of a considerable portion of the correspondence between them, one letter seemed to display the circumstances which led to the interruption of their intimacy in so clear a light, and to explain the causes which have so unnecessarily swelled the comments on Shakspeare, that it has been thought not unworthy of the reader's attention. The letter has no date:—

‘ Sir,—I am at present so much harrassed with private business that it is not in my power to afford you the long and regular answer which your letter deserves. Permit me, however, to desert order and propriety, replying to your last sentence first.—I assure you that I only erased the word *friend* because, considering how much controversy was to follow, that distinction seemed to be out of its place, and appeared to carry with it somewhat of a burlesque air. Such was my single motive for the change, and I hope you will do me the honour to believe I had no other design in it.

‘ As it is some time since my opinions have had the good fortune to coincide with yours in the least matter of consequence, I begin to think so indifferently of my own judgment,

that I am ready to give it up without reluctance on the present occasion.—You are at liberty to leave out whatever parts of my note you please. However we may privately disagree, there is no reason why we should make sport for the world, for such is the only effect of publick controversies ; neither should I have leisure at present to pursue such an undertaking, I only meant to do justice to myself ; and as I had no opportunity of replying to your reiterated contradictions in their natural order, on account of your perpetual additions to them ; I thought myself under the necessity of observing, that I ought not to be suspected of being impotently silent in regard to objections which I had never read till it was too late for any replication on my side to be made. You rely much on the authority of an editor ; but till I am convinced that volunteers are to be treated with less indulgence than other soldiers, I shall still think I have some right at least to be disgusted ; especially after I had been permitted to observe that truth, not victory, was the object of our critical warfare.

‘ As for the note at the conclusion of *The Puritan*, since it gives so much offence (an offence as undesigned as unforeseen), I will change a part of it, and subjoin reasons for my dissent both from you and Mr. Tyrwhitt. You cannot surely suspect me of having wished to commence hostilities with either of

you; but you have made a very singular comment on this remark indeed. Because I have said I could overturn some of both your arguments on other occasions with ease, you are willing to infer that I meant all of them. Let me ask, for instance sake, what would become of his "undertakers," &c. were I to advance all I could on that subject. I will not offend you by naming any particular position of your own which could with success be disputed. I cannot, however, help adding, that had I followed every sentence of your attempt to ascertain the order of the plays, with a contradiction sedulous and unremitted as that with which you have pursued my Observations on Shakspeare's Will and his Sonnets, you at least would not have found your undertaking a very comfortable one. I was then an editor, and indulged you with even a printed foul copy of your work, which you enlarged as long as you thought fit.—The arrival of people on business prevents me from adding more than that I hope to be still indulged with the correction of my own notes on the Y[orkshire] T[ragedy]. I expect almost every one of them to be disputed, but assure you that I will not add a single word by way of reply. I have not returned you so complete an answer as I would have done had I been at leisure. You have, however, the real sentiments of your most humble servant,

G. STEVENS.'

The temper in which this letter was written is obvious. Steevens was at the time assisting Malone in preparing his Supplement to Shakspeare, and had previously made a liberal present to him of his valuable collection of old plays; he afterwards called himself 'a dowager editor,' and said he would never more trouble himself about Shakspeare. This is gathered from a memorandum by Malone, but Steevens does in effect say so in one of his letters; adding, 'Nor will such assistance as I may be able to furnish ever go towards any future *gratuitous* publication of the same author: ingratitude and impertinence from several booksellers have been my reward for conducting two laborious editions, both of which, except a few copies, are already sold.'

In another letter, in reply to a remonstrance about the suspension of his visits to Malone, Steevens says:—'I will confess to you without reserve the cause why I have not made even my business submit to my desire of seeing you. I readily allow that any distinct and subjoined reply to my remarks on your notes is fair; but to change (in consequence of private conversation) the notes that drew from me those remarks, is to turn my own weapons against me. Surely, therefore, it is unnecessary to let me continue building when you are previously determined

to destroy my very foundations. As I observed to you yesterday, the result of this proceeding would be, that such of my strictures as might be just on the first copies of your notes, must often prove no better than idle cavils when applied to the second and amended edition of them. I know not that any editor has insisted on the very extensive privileges which you have continued to claim. In some parts of my Dissertation on Pericles, I am almost reduced to combat with shadows. We had resolved (as I once imagined) to proceed without reserve on either side through the whole of that controversy, but finally you acquainted me with your resolution (in right of editorship) to have the last word. However, for the future, I beg I may be led to trouble you only with observations relative to notes which are *fixed* ones. I had that advantage over my predecessors, and you have enjoyed the same over me; but I never yet possessed the means of obviating objections before they could be effectually made,' &c.

Here then is the secret developed of the subsequent, unceasing, and unrelenting opposition with which Steevens opposed Malone's notes: their controversies served not 'to make sport for the world,' but to annoy the admirers of Shakspeare, by overloading his page with frivolous contention. Steevens

had undoubtedly, as he says of himself on another occasion—

‘ Fallen in the splash his wickedness had made ;’

and in some instances contested the force and propriety of his own remarks when applied by Malone to parallel passages; or, as Malone observes: ‘ They are very good remarks, so far forth as they are his; but when used by me are good for nothing; and the disputed passages become printers’ blunders, or Hemingisms and Condelisms.’ Hence his unremitted censure of the first folio copy, and support of the readings of the second folio, which Malone treats as of no authority;—his affected contempt for the Poems of Shakspeare, &c.

Mr. Boswell has judiciously characterised Steevens:—‘ With great diligence, an extensive acquaintance with early literature, and a remarkably retentive memory: he was besides, as Mr. Gifford has justly observed, “ a wit and a scholar.” But his wit and the sprightliness of his style were too often employed to bewilder and mislead us. His consciousness of his own satirical powers made him much too fond of exercising them at the expense of truth and justice. He was infected to a lamentable degree with the jealousy of authorship; and while his approbation was readily bestowed upon those whose competition he thought he had no reason to dread, he

was fretfully impatient of a brother near the throne: his clear understanding would generally have enabled him to discover what was right; but the spirit of contradiction could at any time induce him to maintain what was wrong. It would be impossible, indeed, to explain how any one, possessed of his taste and discernment, could have brought himself to advocate so many indefensible opinions, without entering into a long and ungracious history of the motives by which he was influenced.'

Malone was certainly not so happily gifted; though Mr. Boswell's partiality in delineating his friend, presents us with the picture of an amiable and accomplished gentleman and scholar. There seems to have been a want of grasp in his mind to make proper use of the accumulated materials which his unwearied industry in his favourite pursuit had placed within his reach: his notes on Shakspeare are often tediously circumlocutory and ineffectual: neither does he seem to have been deficient in that jealousy of rivalry, or that pertinacious adherence to his own opinions, which have been attributed to his competitor.

It is superfluous here to enlarge on this topic, for the merits and defects of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, as commentators on Shakspeare, and the characters of those who preceded them, the reader will find sketched

with a masterly pen in the Biographical Preface of Dr. Symmons, which accompanies this edition. The vindication of Shakspeare from idle calumny and ill founded critical animadversion, could not have been placed in better hands than in those of the vindicator of Milton; and his eloquent Essay must afford pleasure to every lover of our immortal Bard. It should be observed that the Editor, in his adoption of readings, differs in opinion on some points from his able coadjutor, with whom he has not the honour of a personal acquaintance. It is to be regretted that no part of the work was communicated to Dr. Symmons until nearly the whole of the Plays were printed; or the Editor and the Public would doubtless have benefited by his animadversions and suggestions in its progress through the press. The reader will not therefore be surprised at the preliminary censure of some readings which are still retained in the text.

Dr. Johnson's far famed Preface—which has so long hung as a dead weight upon the reputation of our great Poet, and which has been justly said to look like ‘a laborious attempt to bury the characteristic merits of his author under a load of cumbrous phraseology, and to weigh his excellencies and defects in equal scales stuffed full of swelling figures and sonorous epithets,’—will, for obvious reasons, form no part of this publica-

tion. His brief strictures at the end of each play have been retained in compliance with custom, but not without an occasional note of dissent. We may suppose that Johnson himself did not estimate these observations very highly, for he tells us that 'in the plays which are condemned there may be much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned'! Far be it from us to undervalue or speak slightly of our great moralist; but his most strenuous admirers must acknowledge that the construction of his mind incapacitated him from forming a true judgment of the creations of one who was 'of imagination all compact,' no less than his physical defects prevented him from relishing the beautiful and harmonious in nature and art.

*' Quid valet ad surdas si cantet Phœmius aures?
Quid cæcum Thamyræ picta tabella juvat?'*

It has been the studious endeavour of the Editor to avoid those splenetic and insulting reflections upon the errors of the commentators, where it has been his good fortune to detect them, which have been sometimes too captiously indulged in by labourers in this field of verbal criticism. Indeed it would ill become him to speak contemptuously of those who, with all their defects, have deserved the gratitude of the age; for it is chiefly owing to the labours of Tyrwhitt;

Warton, Percy, Steevens, Farmer, and their successors, that attention has been drawn to the mine of wealth which our early literature affords; and no one will affect to deny that a recurrence to it has not been attended with beneficial effects, if it has not raised us in the moral scale of nations.

The plan pursued in the selection, abridgment, and concentration of the notes of others, precluded the necessity of affixing the names of the commentators from whom the information was borrowed; and, excepting in a few cases of controversial discussion, and of some critical observations, authorities are not given. The very curious and valuable Illustrations of Shakspeare by Mr. Douce have been laid under frequent contribution; the obligation has not always been expressed; and it is therefore here acknowledged with thankfulness.

It will be seen that the Editor has not thought, with some of his predecessors, that the text of Shakspeare was 'fixed' in any particular edition 'beyond the hope or probability of future amendment.' He has rather coincided with the opinion of Mr. Gifford, 'that those would deserve well of the public who should bring back some readings which Steevens discarded, and reject others which he has adopted.'

The text of the present edition is formed upon those of Steevens and Malone, occa-

sionally compared with the early editions; and the satisfaction arising from a rejection of modern unwarranted deviations from the old copies has not unfrequently been the reward of this labour.

The preliminary remarks to each play are augmented with extracts from the more recent writers upon Shakspeare, and generally contain brief critical observations, which are in many instances opposed to the dictum of Dr. Johnson. Some of these are extracted from the Lectures on the Drama, by the distinguished German critic, A. W. Schlegel, a writer to whom the nation is deeply indebted, for having pointed out the characteristic excellencies of the great Poet of nature, in an eloquent and philosophical spirit of criticism; which, though it may sometimes be thought a little tinctured with mystical enthusiasm, has dealt out to Shakspeare his due meed of praise; and has, no doubt, tended to dissipate the prejudices of some neighbouring nations who have been too long wilfully blind to his merits.

Mr. Gifford, as it appears, once purposed to favour the public with an edition of Shakspeare: how admirably that excellent critic would have performed the task the world need not now be told. The Editor, who has been frequently indebted to the remarks on the language of our great Poet which occur in the notes to the works of Ben Jonson and

Massinger, may be permitted to anticipate the public regret that these humble labours were not prevented by that more skilful hand. As it is, he must console himself with having used his best endeavour to accomplish the task which he was solicited to undertake; had his power equalled his desire to render it useful and acceptable, the work would have been more worthy of the public favour, and of the Poet whom he and all unite in idolizing—

‘ ——— The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of soul sublime,
Who, from the flowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refin’d,
And stamp’d with all the godhead in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint.’

JUVENAL, SAT. VII. *Mr. Gifford's Translation.*

MICKLEHAM,

Dec. 3, 1825.

THE
LIFE
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH SOME
Remarks upon his Dramatic Writings,
BY CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.
LATE OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD.



Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit; et omnes
Præstitit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol.

LUCRET.

THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH SOME
Remarks upon his Dramatic Writings.

WHEREVER any extraordinary display of human intellect has been made, there will human curiosity, at one period or the other, be busy to obtain some personal acquaintance with the distinguished mortal whom Heaven had been pleased to endow with a larger portion of its own ethereal energy. If the favoured man walked on the high places of the world; if he were conversant with courts; if he directed the movements of armies or of states, and thus held in his hand the fortunes and the lives of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, the interest, which he excites, will be immediate and strong: he stands on an eminence where he is the mark of many eyes; and dark and unlettered indeed must be the age in which the incidents of his eventful life will not be noted, and the record of them be preserved for the instruction or the entertainment of unborn generations. But if his course were through the vale of life; if he were unmingled with the factions and the contests of the great: if the powers of his mind were devoted to the silent pursuits of literature—to the converse of philosophy and the Muse, the possessor of the ethereal treasure may excite little of the attention of his contemporaries; may walk quietly, with a veil over his glories, to

the grave; and, in other times, when the expansion of his intellectual greatness has filled the eyes of the world, it may be too late to inquire for his history as a man. The bright track of his genius indelibly remains; but the trace of his mortal footstep is soon obliterated for ever. *Hómér* is now only a name—a solitary name, which assures us, that, at some unascertained period in the annals of mankind, a mighty mind was indulged to a human being, and gave its wonderful productions to the perpetual admiration of men, as they spring in succession in the path of time. Of *Homer* himself we actually know nothing; and we see only an arm of immense power thrust forth from a mass of impenetrable darkness, and holding up the hero of his song to the applauses of never-dying fame. But it may be supposed that the revolution of, perhaps, thirty centuries has collected the cloud which thus withdraws the father of poesy from our sight. Little more than two centuries has elapsed since William Shakspeare conversed with our tongue, and trod the selfsame soil with ourselves; and if it were not for the records kept by our Church in its registers of births, marriages, and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the “sweet swan of Avon” as we are of the old minstrel and rhapsodist of Meles. That William Shakspeare was born in Stratford upon Avon; that he married and had three children; that he wrote a certain number of dramas; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, are positively the only facts, in the personal history of this extraordinary man, of which we are certainly possessed; and, if we should be solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inferences of lawless and vagabond conjecture. Of this remarkable ignorance of one of the most richly endowed with intellect of the human species, who ran his mortal race in our own country, and who stands separated from us by no very great intervention of time, the causes may not be difficult to be ascertained. William Shakspeare was an

actor and a writer of plays; in neither of which characters, however he might excel in them, could he be lifted high in the estimation of his contemporaries. He was honoured, indeed, with the friendship of nobles, and the patronage of monarchs: his theatre was frequented by the wits of the metropolis; and he associated with the most intellectual of his times. But the spirit of the age was against him; and, in opposition to it, he could not become the subject of any general or comprehensive interest. The nation, in short, knew little and cared less about him. During his life, and for some years after his death, inferior dramatists outran him in the race of popularity; and then the flood of puritan fanaticism swept him and the stage together into temporary oblivion. On the restoration of the monarchy and the theatre, the school of France perverted our taste, and it was not till the last century was somewhat advanced that William Shakspeare arose again, as it were, from the tomb, in all his proper majesty of light. He then became the subject of solicitous and learned inquiry: but inquiry was then too late; and all that it could recover, from the ravage of time, were only a few human fragments, which could scarcely be united into a man. To these causes of our personal ignorance of the great bard of England, must be added his own strange indifference to the celebrity of genius. When he had produced his admirable works, ignorant or heedless of their value, he abandoned them with perfect indifference to oblivion or to fame. It surpassed his thought that he could grow into the admiration of the world; and, without any reference to the curiosity of future ages, in which he could not conceive himself to possess an interest, he was contented to die in the arms of obscurity, as an unlaurelled burgher of a provincial town. To this combination of causes are we to attribute the scantiness of our materials for the Life of William Shakspeare. His works are in myriads of hands: he constitutes the delight of myriads of readers: his renown is coextensive with the civilization of man; and, striding across the ocean from

Europe, it occupies the wide region of transatlantic empire: but he is himself only a shadow which disappoints our grasp; an undefined form which is rather intimated than discovered to the keenest searchings of our eye. Of the little however, questionable or certain, which can be told of him we must now proceed to make the best use in our power, to write what by courtesy may be called his life; and we have only to lament that the result of our labour must greatly disappoint the curiosity which has been excited by the grandeur of his reputation. The slight narrative of Rowe, founded on the information obtained, in the beginning of the last century, by the inquiries of Betterton, the famous actor, will necessarily supply us with the greater part of the materials with which we are to work.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, or SHAKSPERE, (for the floating orthography of the name is properly attached to the one or the other of these varieties) was baptized in the church of Stratford upon Avon, as is ascertained by the parish register, on the 26th of April 1564; and he is said to have been born on the 23d of the same month, the day consecrated to the tutelar saint of England. His parents, John and Mary Shakspeare, were not of equal ranks in the community; for the former was only a respectable tradesman, whose ancestors cannot be traced into gentility, whilst the latter belonged to an ancient and opulent house in the county of Warwick, being the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Wilmecote. The family of the Ardens (or Ardernes, as it is written in all the old deeds,) was of considerable antiquity and importance, some of them having served as high sheriffs of their county, and two of them (Sir John Arden and his nephew, the grandfather of Mrs. Shakspeare,) having enjoyed each a station of honour in the personal establishment of Henry VII. The younger of these Ardens was made, by his sovereign, keeper of the park of Aldercar and bailiff of the lordship of Codnore. He obtained, also, from the crown a valuable grant in the

lease of the manor of Yoxsal in Staffordshire, consisting of more than 4,600 acres, at a rent of 42*l.* Mary Arden did not come dowerless to her plebeian husband, for she brought to him a small freehold estate called Asbies, and the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in money. The freehold consisted of a house and fifty-four acres of land; and, as far as it appears, it was the first piece of landed property which was ever possessed by the Shakspeares. Of this marriage the offspring was four sons and four daughters; of whom Joan (or, according to the orthography of that time, Jone,) and Margaret, the eldest of the children, died one in infancy and one at a somewhat more advanced age; and Gilbert, whose birth immediately succeeded to that of our Poet, is supposed by some not to have reached his maturity, and by others to have attained to considerable longevity. Joan, the eldest of the four remaining children, and named after her deceased sister, married William Hart, a hatter in her native town; and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Saviour's parish in London; and was buried in St. Saviour's Church on the last day of December 1607, in his twenty-eighth year. Of Anne and Richard, whose births intervened between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the former was buried on the 4th of April 1579, in the eighth year of her age, and the latter on the 4th of February 1612-13, when he had nearly completed his thirty-ninth.

In consequence of a document, discovered in the year 1770, in the house in which, if tradition is to be trusted, our Poet was born, some persons have concluded that John Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, though he had risen, by the regular gradation of office, to the chief dignity of the corporation of Stratford, that of high bailiff; and, during the whole of this period, had unquestionably conformed to the rites of the Church of England. The asserted fact seemed not to be very probable; and the document in question, which, drawn up in a testamentary form and regularly attested, zealously professes the

Roman faith of him in whose name it speaks, having been subjected to a rigid examination by Malone, has been pronounced to be spurious. The trade of John Shakspeare, as well as his religious faith, has recently been made the subject of controversy. According to the testimony of Rowe, grounded on the tradition of Stratford, the father of our Poet was a dealer in wool, or, in the provincial vocabulary of his country, a wool-driver; and such he has been deemed by all the biographers of his son, till the fact was thrown into doubt by the result of the inquisitiveness of Malone. Finding, in an old and obscure MS. purporting to record the proceedings of the baiiff's court in Stratford, our John Shakspeare designated as a glover, Malone insults over the ignorance of poor Rowe, and assumes no small degree of merit to himself as the discoverer of a long sought and a most important historic truth. If he had recollected the remark of the clown in the *Twelfth Night**, that "a sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outwards!" he would, doubtless, have pressed the observation into his service, and brought it as an irresistible attestation of the veracity of his old MS.

Whatever may have been the trade of John Shakspeare, whether that of wool-merchant or of glover, it seems, with the little fortune of his wife, to have placed him in a state of easy competence. In 1569 or 1570, in consequence partly of his alliance with the Ardens, and partly of his attainment of the prime municipal honours of his town, he obtained a concession of arms from the herald's office, a grant, which placed him and his family on the file of the gentry of England; and, in 1574, he purchased two houses, with gardens and orchards annexed to them, in Henley Street in Stratford. But before the year 1578, his prosperity, from causes not now ascertainable, had certainly declined; for in that year, as we find from the records of his borough, he was excused, in condescension to his po-

* Act iii. sc. 1.

verty, from the moiety of a very moderate assessment of six shillings and eightpence, made by the members of the corporation on themselves; at the same time that he was altogether exempted from his contribution to the relief of the poor. During the remaining years of his life, his fortunes appear not to have recovered themselves; for he ceased to attend the meetings of the corporation hall, where he had once presided; and, in 1586, another person was substituted as alderman in his place, in consequence of his magisterial inefficiency. He died in the September of 1601, when his illustrious son had already attained to high celebrity; and his wife, Mary Shakspeare, surviving him for seven years, deceased in the September of 1608, the burial of the former being registered on the eighth and that of the latter on the ninth of this month, in each of these respective years.

On the 30th of June 1564, when our Poet had not yet been three months in this breathing world, his native Stratford was visited by the plague; and, during the six succeeding months, the ravaging disease is calculated to have swept to the grave more than a seventh part of the whole population of the place. But the favoured infant reposed in security in his cradle, and breathed health amid an atmosphere of pestilence. The Genius of England may be supposed to have held the arm of the destroyer, and not to have permitted it to fall on the consecrated dwelling of his and Nature's darling. The disease, indeed, did not overstep his charmed threshold; for the name of Shakspeare is not to be found in the register of deaths throughout that period of accelerated mortality. That he survived this desolating calamity of his townsmen, is all that we know of William Shakspeare from the day of his birth till he was sent, as we are informed by Rowe, to the free-school of Stratford; and was stationed there in the course of his education, till, in consequence of the straitened circumstances of his father, he was recalled to the paternal roof. As we are not told at what age he was sent to school, we cannot form any estimate of the time during which he remained there. But if he was placed under his master

when he was six years old, he might have continued in a state of instruction for seven or even for eight years; a term sufficiently long for any boy, not an absolute block-head, to acquire something more than the mere elements of the classical languages. We are too ignorant, however, of dates in these instances to speak with any confidence on the subject; and we can only assert that seven or eight of the fourteen years, which intervened between the birth of our Poet in 1564 and the known period of his father's diminished fortune in 1578, might very properly have been given to the advantages of the free-school. But now the important question is to be asked—What were the attainments of our young Shakspeare at this seat of youthful institution? Did he return to his father's house in a state of utter ignorance of classic literature? or was he as far advanced in his school-studies as boys of his age (which I take to be thirteen or fourteen) usually are in the common progress of our public and more reputable schools? That his scholastic attainments did not rise to the point of learning, seems to have been the general opinion of his contemporaries; and to this opinion I am willing to assent. But I cannot persuade myself that he was entirely unacquainted with the classic tongues; or that, as Farmer and his followers labour to convince us, he could receive the instructions, even for three or four years, of a school of any character, and could then depart without any knowledge beyond that of the Latin accidence. The most accomplished scholar may read with pleasure the poetic versions of the classic poets; and the less advanced proficient may consult his indolence by applying to the page of a translation of a prose classic, when accuracy of quotation may not be required: and on evidences of this nature is supported the charge which has been brought, and which is now generally admitted, against our immortal bard, of more than school-boy ignorance. He might, indeed, from necessity apply to North for the interpretation of Plutarch; but he read Golding's Ovid only, as I am satisfied, for the entertainment of its English poetry. Ben Jonson, who must have been intimately conversant with his friend's classic

acquisitions, tells us expressly that, "He had small Latin and less Greek." But, according to the usual plan of instruction in our schools, he must have traversed a considerable extent of the language of Rome, before he could touch even the confines of that of Greece. He must in short have read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and a part at least of Virgil, before he could open the grammar of the more ancient, and copious, and complex dialect. This I conceive to be a fair statement of the case in the question respecting Shakspeare's learning. Beyond controversy he was not a scholar; but he had not profited so little by the hours, which he had passed in school, as not to be able to understand the more easy Roman authors without the assistance of a translation. If he himself had been asked, on the subject, he might have parodied his own Falstaff and have answered, "Indeed I am not a Scaliger or a Budæus, but yet no blockhead, friend." I believe also that he was not wholly unacquainted with the popular languages of France and Italy. He had abundant leisure to acquire them; and the activity and the curiosity of his mind were sufficiently strong to urge him to their acquisition. But to discuss this much agitated question would lead me beyond the limits which are prescribed to me; and, contenting myself with declaring that, in my opinion, both parties are wrong, both they who contend for our Poet's learning, and they who place his illiteracy on a level with that of John Taylor, the celebrated water-poet, I must resume my humble and most deficient narrative. The classical studies of William Shakspeare, whatever progress he may or may not have made in them, were now suspended; and he was replaced in his father's house, when he had attained his thirteenth or fourteenth year, to assist with his hand in the maintenance of the family. Whether he continued in this situation whilst he remained in his single state, has not been told to us, and cannot therefore at this period be known. But in the absence of information, conjecture will be busy; and will soon cover the bare desert with unprofitable vegetation. Whilst Malone

surmises that the young Poet passed the interval, till his marriage, or a large portion of it, in the office of an attorney, Aubrey stations him during the same term at the head of a country school. But the surmises of Malone are not universally happy; and to the assertions of Aubrey * I am not disposed to attach more credit than was attached to them by Anthony Wood, who knew the old gossip and was competent to appreciate his character. It is more probable that the necessity, which brought young Shakspeare from his school, retained him with his father's occupation at home, till the acquisition of a wife made it convenient for him to remove to a separate habitation. It is reasonable to conclude that a mind like his, ardent, excursive, and "all compact of imagination," would not be satisfied with entire inactivity; but would obtain knowledge where it could, if not from the stores of the ancients, from those at least which were supplied to him by the writers of his own country.

In 1582, before he had completed his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter, as Rowe informs us, of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. We are unacquainted with the precise period of their marriage, and with the church in which it was solemnized, for in the register of Stratford there is no record of the event; and we are made certain of the year, in which it occurred, only by the baptism of Susanna, the first produce of the union, on the 26th of May 1583. As young Shakspeare neither increased his fortune by this match, though he probably received some money with his wife, nor raised himself by it in the community, we may conclude that he was induced to it by inclination, and the impulse of love. But the youthful poet's dream of happiness does not seem to

* What credit can be due to this Mr. Aubrey, who picked up information on the highway and scattered it every where as authentic? who whipped Milton at Cambridge in violation of the university statutes, and who, making our young Shakspeare a butcher's boy, could embrace his hands in the blood of calves, and represent him as exulting in poetry over the convulsions of the dying animals?

have been realized by the result. The bride was eight years older than the bridegroom; and whatever charms she might possess to fascinate the eyes of her boy-lover, she probably was deficient in those powers which are requisite to impose a durable fetter on the heart, and to hold "in sweet captivity" a mind of the very highest order. No charge is intimated against the lady: but she is left in Stratford by her husband during his long residence in the metropolis; and on his death, she is found to be only slightly and, as it were, casually remembered in his will. Her second pregnancy, which was productive of twins, (Hamnet and Judith, baptized on the 2d of February 1584-5,) terminated her pride as a mother; and we know nothing more respecting her than that, surviving her illustrious consort by rather more than seven years, she was buried on the 8th of August 1623, being, as we are told by the inscription on her tomb, of the age of sixty-seven. Respecting the habits of life, or the occupation of our young Poet by which he obtained his subsistence, or even the place of his residence, subsequently to his marriage, not a floating syllable has been wafted to us by tradition for the gratification of our curiosity; and the history of this great man is a perfect blank till the occurrence of an event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to break out in its full lustre on the world. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the elegant sport of falconry, it has been suggested that this, possibly, might be one of his favorite amusements: and nothing can be more probable, from the active season of his life, and his fixed habitation in the country, than his strong and eager passion for all the pleasures of the field. As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he would naturally become a poacher; and then it is highly probable that he would fall into the acquaintance of poachers; and, associating with them in his idler hours, would occasionally be one of their fellow-marauders on the manors of their rich neighbours. In one of these licentious excursions on the grounds of Sir

Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, for the purpose as it is said of stealing his deer, our young bard was detected; and, having farther irritated the knight by affixing a satirical ballad on him to the gates of Charlecote, he was compelled to fly before the enmity of his powerful adversary, and to seek an asylum in the capital. Malone*, who is prone to doubt, wishes to question the truth of this whole narrative, and to ascribe the flight of young Shakspeare from his native country to the embarrassment of his circumstances, and the persecution of his creditors. But the story of the deer-stealing rests upon the uniform tradition of Stratford, and is confirmed by the character of Sir T. Lucy, who is known to have been a rigid preserver of his game; by the enmity displayed against his memory by Shakspeare in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive ballad† itself, preserved by a Mr. Jones of Tarbick, a village near to Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be biased by any interest or passion to falsify or misstate it. Besides the objector, in this instance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from the resentment of an offended proprietor of game than from the avarice of a creditor: that whilst the former might be satisfied with the removal of the delinquent to a situation where he could no longer infest his parks or his warrens, the latter

* Malone was much addicted to doubt. Knowing, perhaps, that, on all the chief topics of the Grecian schools of philosophy, the great mind of Cicero faltered in doubt, our commentator and critic wished, possibly, to establish his claim to a superiority of intellect by the same academic withholding of assent. He ought however to have been aware that scepticism, which is sometimes the misfortune of wise men, is generally the affectation of fools.

† The first stanza of this ballad, which is admitted to be genuine, may properly be preserved as a curiosity. But as it is to be found in every life of our author, with the exception of Rowe's, I shall refer my readers, to whom it could not be gratifying, to some other page for it than my own.

would pursue his debtor wherever bailiffs could find and writs could attach him. On every account, therefore, I believe the tradition, recorded by Rowe, that our Poet retired from Stratford before the exasperated power of Sir T. Lucy, and found a refuge in London, not possibly beyond the reach of the arm, but beyond the hostile purposes of his provincial antagonist.

The time of this eventful flight of the great bard of England cannot now be accurately determined: but we may somewhat confidently place it between the years 1585 and 1588; for in the former of these we may conclude him to have been present with his family at the baptism of his twins, Hamnet and Judith; and than the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know* that before 1592 he had not only written two long poems, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, but had acquired no small degree of celebrity as an actor and a dramatic writer.

At this agitating crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakspeare was certainly, in its obvious aspect, severe and even terrific. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, under the frown of exasperated power, from his profession; from his native fields; from the companions of his childhood and his youth; from his wife and his infant offspring. The world was spread before him, like a dark ocean, in which no fortunate isle could be seen to glitter amid the gloomy and sullen tide. But he was blessed with youth and health: his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he suffered, was regarded, in the estimation of his times, as a mere boy's frolick, of not greater guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his mind, rich beyond example in the gold of heaven, could throw lustre over the black waste before him, and could people it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine

* From Robert Greene's posthumous work, written in 1592, and Chettle's *Kind Hart's Dream*, published very soon afterwards.

him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet—

*Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, et virilem
Torvus hami possuisse vultum, &c.*

but touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unfaltering step, and with hope vigorous at his heart. It was impossible that he should despair; and if he indulged in sanguine expectation, the event proved him not to be a visionary. In the course of a few years, the exile of Stratford became the associate of wits, the friend of nobles, the favorite of monarchs; and in a period, which still left him not in sight of old age, he returned to his birth place in affluence, with honour, and with the plaudits of the judicious and the noble resounding in his ears.

His immediate refuge in the metropolis was the stage; to which his access, as it appears, was easy. Stratford was fond of theatrical representations, which it accommodated with its town or guildhall; and had frequently been visited by companies of players when our Poet was of an age, not only to enjoy their performances but to form an acquaintance with their members. Thomas Greene, who was one of their distinguished actors, has been considered by some writers as a kinsman of our author's; and though he, possibly, may have been confounded by them with another Thomas Greene, a barrister, who was unquestionably connected with the Shakspeares, he was certainly a fellow townsman of our fugitive bard's; whilst Heminge and Burbage, two of the leaders of the company in question, belonged either to Stratford or to its immediate neighbourhood. With the door of the theatre thus open to him, and under the impulse of his own theatrical bias, (for however in after life he may have lamented his degradation as a professional actor, it must be concluded that he now felt a strong attachment to the stage,) it is not

wonderful that young Shakspeare should solicit this asylum in his distress; or that he should be kindly received by men who knew him, and some of whom were connected, if not with his family, at least with his native town. The company, to which he united himself, was the Earl of Leicester's or the Queen's; which had obtained the royal license in 1574. The place of its performances, when our Poet became enrolled among its members, was the Globe on the Bankside; and its managers subsequently purchased the theatre of Blackfriars (the oldest theatre in London), which they had previously rented for some years; and at these two theatres, the first of which was open in the centre for summer representations and the last covered for those of winter, were acted all the dramatic productions of Shakspeare. That he was at first received into the company in a very subordinate situation may be regarded not merely as probable, but as certain: that he ever carried a link to light the frequenters of the theatre, or ever held their horses, must be rejected as an absurd tale, fabricated, no doubt, by the lovers of the marvellous, who were solicitous to obtain a contrast in the humility of his first to the pride of his subsequent fortunes. The mean and servile occupation, thus assigned to him, was incompatible with his circumstances, even in their present afflicted state: and his relations and connexions, though far from wealthy, were yet too remote from absolute poverty, to permit him to act for a moment in such a degrading situation. He was certainly, therefore, immediately admitted within the theatre; but in what rank or character cannot now be known. This fact, however, soon became of very little consequence; for he speedily raised himself into consideration among his new fellows by the exertions of his pen, if not by his proficiency as an actor. When he began his career as a dramatic writer; or to what degree of excellence he attained in his personation of dramatic characters, are questions which have been frequently agitated without any satisfactory result. By two publications, which appeared toward the end of 1592, we know, or at least we are induced

strongly to infer that at that period, either as the corrector of old or as the writer of original dramas, he had supplied the stage with a copiousness of materials. We learn also from the same documents that, in his profession of actor, he trod the boards not without the acquisition of applause. The two publications, to which I allude, are Robert Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," and Henry Chettle's "Kind Hart's Dream." In the former of these works, which was published by Chettle subsequently to the unhappy author's decease, the writer, addressing his fellow dramatists, Marlowe, Peele, and Lodge, says, "Yes! trust them not" (the managers of the theatre); "for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." As it could not be doubtful against whom this attack was directed, we cannot wonder that Shakspeare should be hurt by it: or that he should expostulate on the occasion rather warmly with Chettle as the editor of the offensive matter. In consequence, as it is probable, of this expression of resentment on the part of Shakspeare, a pamphlet from the pen of Chettle called "Kind Hart's Dream" issued from the press before the close of the same year (1592), which had witnessed the publication of Greene's posthumous work. In this pamphlet, Chettle acknowledges his concern for having edited any thing which had given pain to Shakspeare, of whose character and accomplishments he avows a very favorable opinion. Marlowe, as well as Shakspeare, appears to have been offended by some passages in this production of poor Greene's: and to both of these great dramatic poets Chettle refers in the short citation which we shall now make from his page: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them" (concluded to be Marlowe, whose moral character was unhappily not good) "I care not if I never be. The other" (who must necessarily be Shakspeare)

“whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had; for that, as I have moderated the hate of living authors, and might have used my own discretion, (especially in such a case, the author being dead,) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault: because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.” Shakspeare was now twenty-eight years of age; and this testimony of a contemporary, who was acquainted with him, and was himself an actor, in favour of his moral and his professional excellence, must be admitted as of considerable value. It is evident that he had now written for the stage; and before he entered upon dramatic composition we are certain that he had completed, though he had not published, his two long and laboured poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*. We cannot, therefore, date his arrival in the capital later than 1588, or, perhaps, than 1587; and the four or five years which interposed between his departure from Stratford and his becoming the object of Greene’s malignant attack, constituted a busy and an important period of his life. Within this term he had conciliated the friendship of the young Thomas Wriothesly, the liberal, the high-souled, the romantic Earl of Southampton; a friendship which adhered to him throughout his life; and he had risen to that celebrity, as a poet and a dramatist, which placed him with the first wits of the age, and subsequently lifted him to the notice and the favour of Elizabeth and James, as they successively sate upon the throne of England.

At the point of time which our narrative has now reached, we cannot accurately determine what dramatic pieces had been composed by him: but we are assured that they were of sufficient excellence to excite the envy and the consequent hostility of those who, before his rising, had been the luminaries of the stage. It would be gratifying to curiosity if the feat were possible, to

adjust with any precision the order in which his wonderful productions issued from his brain. But the attempt has more than once been made, and never yet with entire success. We know only that his connexion with the stage continued for about twenty years (though the duration even of this term cannot be settled with precision) and that, within this period he composed either partially, as working on the ground of others, or edueing them altogether from his own fertility, thirty-five or (if that wretched thing, *Pericles*, in consequence of Dryden's testimony in favour of its authenticity, and of a few touches of *THE GOLDEN PEN* being discoverable in its last scenes, must be added to the number) thirty-six dramas; and that of these it is probable that such as were founded on the works of preceding authors were the first essays of his dramatic talent; and such as were more perfectly his own, and are of the first sparkle of excellence, were among the last. While I should not hesitate, therefore, to station "*Pericles*," the three parts of "*Henry VI.*" (for I cannot see any reason for throwing the first of these parts from the protection of our author's name), "*Love's Labour Lost*," "*The Comedy of Errors*," "*The Taming of the Shrew*," "*King John*," and "*Richard II.*" among his earliest productions, I should, with equal confidence, arrange "*Macbeth*," "*Lear*," "*Othello*," "*Twelfth Night*," and "*The Tempest*," with his latest, assigning them to that season of his life, when his mind exulted in the conscious plenitude of power. Whatever might be the order of succession in which this illustrious family of genius sprang into existence, they soon attracted notice, and speedily compelled the homage of respect from those who were the most eminent for their learning, their talents, or their rank. Jonson, Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Donne were the associates and the intimates of our Poet: the Earl of Southampton was his especial friend: the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery were avowedly his admirers and patrons: Queen Elizabeth distinguished him with her favour; and her successor, James, with his own hand, honoured the great dramatist with a letter of

thanks for the compliment paid in *Macbeth* to the royal family of the Stuarts*.

The circumstance which first brought the two lords of the stage, Shakspeare and Jonson, into that embrace of friendship which continued indissoluble, as there is reason to believe, during the permission of mortality, is reported to have been the kind assistance given by the former to the latter, when he was offering one of his plays (*Every Man in his Humour*) for the benefit of representation. The manuscript, as it is said, was on the point of being rejected and returned with a rude answer, when Shakspeare, fortunately glancing his eye over its pages, immediately discovered its merit; and, with his influence, obtained its introduction on the stage. To this story some specious objections have been raised; and there cannot be any necessity for contending for it, as no lucky accident can be required to account for the inducement of amity between two men of high genius, each treading the same broad path to fame and fortune, yet each with a character so peculiarly his own that he might attain his object without wounding the pride or invading the interests of the other. It has been generally believed that the intellectual superiority of Shakspeare excited the envy and the consequent enmity of Jonson. It is well that of these asserted facts no evidences can be adduced. The friendship of these great men seems to have been unbroken during the life of Shakspeare; and, on his death, Jonson made an offering to his memory of high, just, and appropriate panegyric. He places him above not only the modern but the Greek dramatists; and he professes for him admiration short only of idolatry. They who can discover any penuriousness of praise in the surviving poet must be gifted with a very *peculiar* vision of mind. With the flowers, which he strewed upon the grave of his friend, there certainly was not blended one poisonous or bitter leaf. If,

* The existence of this royal letter of thanks is asserted on the authority of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, who saw it in the possession of Davenant. The cause of the thanks is assigned on the most probable conjecture.

therefore, he was, as he is represented to have been by an impartial and able judge, (Drummond of Hawthornden) "a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; jealous of every word and action of those about him, &c. &c.," how can we otherwise account for the uninterrupted harmony of his intercourse with our bard than by supposing that the frailties of his nature were overruled by that preeminence of mental power in his friend which precluded competition; and by his friend's sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners, which repressed every feeling of hostility. Between Shakspeare and Thomas Wriothesly, the munificent and the noble Earl of Southampton, distinguished in history by his inviolable attachment to the rash and the unfortunate Essex, the friendship was permanent and ardent. At its commencement, in 1593, when Shakspeare was twenty-nine years of age, Southampton was not more than nineteen; and, with the love of general literature, he was particularly attached to the exhibitions of the theatre. His attention was first drawn to Shakspeare by the poet's dedication to him of the "Venus and Adonis," that "first heir," as the dedicator calls it, "of his invention;" and the acquaintance, once begun between characters and hearts like theirs, would soon mature into intimacy and friendship. In the following year (1594) Shakspeare's second poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," was addressed by him to his noble patron in a strain of less distant timidity; and we may infer from it that the poet had then obtained a portion of the favour which he sought. That his fortunes were essentially promoted by the munificent patronage of Southampton cannot reasonably be doubted. We are told by Sir William Davenant, who surely possessed the means of knowing the fact, that the peer gave at one time to his favoured dramatist the magnificent present of a thousand pounds. This is rejected by Malone as an extravagant exaggeration; and because the donation is said to have been made for the purpose of enabling the poet to complete a purchase which he had then in contemplation; and because no purchase of an adequate

magnitude seems to have been accomplished by him, the critic treats the whole story with contempt; and is desirous of substituting a dedication fee of one hundred pounds for the more princely liberality which is attested by Davenant. But surely a purchase might be within the view of Shakspeare, and eventually not be effected; and then of course the thousand pounds in question would be added to his personal property; where it would just complete the income on which he is reported to have retired from the stage. As to the incredibility of the gift in consequence of its value, have we not witnessed a gift, made in the present day, by a noble of the land to a mere actor, of ten times the nominal and twice the effective value of this proud bounty of the great Earl of Southampton's* to one of the master-spirits of the human race †?

Of the degree of patronage and kindness extended to Shakspeare by the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, we are altogether ignorant: but we know, from the dedi-

* As the patron and the friend of Shakspeare, Thomas Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, is entitled to our especial attention and respect. But I cannot admit his eventful history into the text, without breaking the unity of my biographical narrative; and to speak of him within the compass of a note will be only to inform my readers that he was born on the 6th of October 1573: that he was engaged in the mad attempts of his friend, the Earl of Essex, against the government of Elizabeth: that, in consequence, he was confined during her life by that Queen, who was so lenient as to be satisfied with the blood of one of the friends: that, immediately on her death, he was liberated by her successor, not disposed to adopt the enmities of the murderess of his mother: that he was promoted to honours by the new sovereign; and that, finally, being sent with a military command to the Low Countries, he caught a fever from his son, Lord Wriothesly; and, surviving him only five days, concluded his active and honorable career of life at Bergen-op-zoom, on the 10th of November, 1624. It may be added, that, impoverished by his liberalities, he left his widow in such circumstances as to call for the assistance of the crown.

† The late Duke of Northumberland made a present to John Kemble of 10,000*l*.

cation of his works to them by Heminge and Condell, that they had distinguished themselves as his admirers and friends. That he numbered many more of the nobility of his day among the homagers of his transcendent genius, we may consider as a specious probability. But we must not indulge in conjectures, when we can gratify ourselves with the reports of tradition, approaching very nearly to certainties. Elizabeth, as it is confidently said, honoured our illustrious dramatist with her especial notice and regard. She was unquestionably fond of theatric exhibitions; and, with her literary mind and her discriminating eye, it is impossible that she should overlook; and that, not overlooking, she should not appreciate the man, whose genius formed the prime glory of her reign. It is affirmed that, delighted with the character of Falstaff as drawn in the two parts of Henry IV., she expressed a wish to see the gross and dissolute knight under the influence of love; and that the result of our Poet's complaisance, with the desire of his royal mistress, was "The Merry Wives of Windsor*." Favoured, however, as our Poet seems to have been by Elizabeth, and notwithstanding the fine incense which he offered to her vanity, it does not appear that he profited in any degree by her bounty. She could distinguish and could smile upon genius: but unless it were immediately serviceable to her personal or her political interests, she had not the soul to reward it. However in-

* Animated as this comedy is with much distinct delineation of character, it cannot be pronounced to be unworthy of its great author. But it evinces the difficulty of writing upon a prescribed subject, and of working with effect under the controul of another mind. As he sported in the scenes of Henry IV., Falstaff was insusceptible of love: and the egregious dupe of Windsor, ducked and cudgelled as he was, cannot be the wit of Eastcheap, or the guest of Shallow, or the military commander on the field of Shrewsbury. But even the genius of Shakspeare could not effect impossibilities. He did what he could to revive his own Falstaff, but the life which he reinfused into his creature was not the vigorous vitality of Nature; and he placed him in a scene where he could not subsist.

ferior to her in the arts of government and in some of the great characters of mind might be her Scottish successor, he resembled her in his love of letters, and in his own cultivation of learning. He was a scholar, and even a poet: his attachment to the general cause of literature was strong; and his love of the drama and the theatre was particularly warm. Before his accession to the English throne he had written, as we have before noticed, a letter, with his own hand, to Shakspeare, acknowledging, as it is supposed, the compliment paid to him in the noble scenes of *Macbeth*; and scarcely had the crown of England fallen upon his head, when he granted his royal patent to our Poet and his company of the Globe; and thus raised them from being the Lord Chamberlain's servants to be the servants of the King. The patent is dated on the 19th of May 1603, and the name of William Shakspeare stands second on the list of the patentees. As the demise of Elizabeth had occurred on the 24th of the preceding March, this early attention of James to the company of the Globe may be regarded as highly complimentary to Shakspeare's theatre, and as strongly demonstrative of the new sovereign's partiality for the drama. But James's patronage of our Poet was not in any other way beneficial to his fortunes. If Elizabeth were too parsimonious for an effective patron, by his profusion on his pleasures and his favorites, James soon became too needy to possess the means of bounty for the reward of talents and of learning. Honour, in short, was all that Shakspeare gained by the favour of two successive sovereigns, each of them versed in literature, each of them fond of the drama, and each of them capable of appreciating the transcendency of his genius.

It would be especially gratifying to us to exhibit to our readers some portion at least of the personal history of this illustrious man during his long residence in the capital;—to announce the names and characters of his associates, a few of which only we can obtain from Fuller; to delineate his habits of life; to record his convivial wit; to commemorate the books which he read;

and to number his compositions as they dropped in succession from his pen. But no power of this nature is indulged to us. All that active and efficient portion of his mortal existence, which constituted considerably more than a third part of it, is an unknown region, not to be penetrated by our most zealous and intelligent researches. It may be regarded by us as a kind of central Africa, which our reason assures us to be glowing with fertility and alive with population; but which is abandoned in our maps, from the ignorance of our geographers, to the death of barrenness, and the silence of sandy desolation. By the Stratford register we can ascertain that his only son, Hamnet, was buried, in the twelfth year of his age, on the 11th of August 1596; and that, after an interval of nearly eleven years, his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a physician, on the 5th of June 1607. With the exception of two or three purchases made by him at Stratford, one of them being that of New Place, which he repaired and ornamented for his future residence, the two entries which we have now extracted from the register, are positively all that we can relate with confidence of our great Poet and his family, during the long term of his connexion with the theatre and the metropolis. We may fairly conclude, indeed, that he was present at each of the domestic events, recorded by the register: that he attended his son to the grave, and his daughter to the altar. We may believe also, from its great probability, even on the testimony of Aubrey, that he paid an annual visit to his native town; whence his family were never removed, and which he seems always to have contemplated as the resting place of his declining age. He probably had nothing more than a lodging in London, and this he might occasionally change: but in 1596 he is said to have lived somewhere near to the Bear-Garden in Southwark.

In 1606, James procured from the continent a large importation of mulberry trees, with a view to the establishment of the silk manufactory in his dominions; and, either in this year or in the following, Shakspeare

enriched his garden at New Place with one of these exotic, and at that time, very rare trees. This plant of his hand took root, and flourished till the year 1752, when it was destroyed by the barbarous axe of one Francis Gastrell, a clergyman, into whose worse than Gothic hands New Place had most unfortunately fallen.

As we are not told the precise time, when Shakspeare retired from the stage and the metropolis to enjoy the tranquillity of life in his native town, we cannot pretend to determine it. As he is said, however, to have passed some years in his establishment at New Place, we may conclude that his removal took place either in 1612 or in 1613, when he was yet in the vigour of life, being not more than forty-eight or forty-nine years old. He had ceased, as it is probable, to tread the stage as an actor at an earlier period; for in the list of actors, prefixed to the *Volpone* of B. Jonson, performed at the Globe theatre, and published in 1605, the name of W. Shakspeare is not to be found. However versed he might be in the science of acting, (and that he was versed in it we are assured by his directions to the players in *Hamlet*) and, however well he might acquit himself in some of the subordinate characters of the drama, it does not appear that he ever rose to the higher honours of his profession. But if they were above his attainment, they seem not to have been the objects of his ambition; for by one of his sonnets* we find that he lamented the fortune which had devoted him to the stage, and that he considered himself as degraded by such a public exhibition. The time was not yet come when actors were to be the companions of princes: when their lives, as of illustrious men, were to be written; and when statues were to be erected to them by public contribution!

The amount of the fortune, on which Shakspeare retired from the busy world, has been the subject of some discussion. By Gildon, who forbears to state his authority, this fortune is valued at 300*l.* a year; and by Malone, who, calculating our Poet's real property from authentic documents, assigns a random value to his

* See Sonnet cxi.

personal, it is reduced to 200*l*. Of these two valuations of Shakspeare's property, we conceive that Gildon's approaches the more nearly to the truth : for if to Malone's conjectural estimate of the personal property, of which he professes to be wholly ignorant, he added the thousand pounds, given by Southampton, (an act of munificence of which we entertain not a doubt) the precise total, as money then bore an interest of 10*l*. per cent., of the three hundred pounds a year will be made up. On the smallest of these incomes, however, when money was at least of five times its present value, might our Poet possess the comforts and the liberalities of life : and in the society of his family, and of the neighbouring gentry, conciliated by the amiableness of his manners and the pleasantness of his conversation, he seems to have passed his few remaining days in the enjoyment of tranquillity and respect. So exquisite, indeed, appears to have been his relish of the quiet, which was his portion within the walls of New Place, that it induced a complete oblivion of all that had engaged his attention, and had aggrandized his name in the preceding scenes of his life. Without any regard to his literary fame, either present or to come, he saw with perfect unconcern some of his immortal works brought, mutilated and deformed, in surreptitious copies, before the world ; and others of them, with an equal indifference to their fate, he permitted to remain in their unrevised or interpolated MSS. in the hands of the theatric prompter. There is not, probably, in the whole compass of literary history, such another instance of a proud superiority to what has been called by a rival genius,

“ The last infirmity of noble minds,”

as that which was now exhibited by our illustrious dramatist and poet. He seemed

“ As if he could not or he would not find,
How much his worth transcended all his kind *.”

With a privilege, rarely indulged even to the sons of

* Epitaph on a Fair Maiden Lady, by Dryden.

genius, he had produced his admirable works without any throes or labour of the mind: they had obtained for him all that he had asked from them,—the patronage of the great, the applause of the witty, and a competency of fortune adequate to the moderation of his desires. Having fulfilled or, possibly, exceeded his expectations, they had discharged their duty; and he threw them altogether from his thought; and whether it were their destiny to emerge into renown, or to perish in the drawer of a manager; to be brought to light in a state of integrity, or to *visit the glimpses of the moon with a thousand mortal murders on their head*, engaged no part of his solicitude or interest. They had given to him the means of easy life, and he sought from them nothing more. This insensibility in our Author to the offspring of his brain may be the subject of our wonder or admiration: but its consequences have been calamitous to those who in after times have hung with delight over his pages. On the intellect and the temper of these ill-fated mortals it has inflicted a heavy load of punishment in the dulness and the arrogance of commentators and illustrators—in the conceit and petulance of Theobald; the imbecillity of Capell; the pert and tasteless dogmatism of Steevens; the ponderous littleness of Malone and of Drake. Some superior men, it is true, have enlisted themselves in the cause of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hanmer, and Johnson have successively been his editors, and have professed to give his scenes in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or other, which it is not our present business to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, has disappointed the just expectations of the public: and, with an inversion of Nature's general rule, the little men have finally prevailed against the great. The block-heads have hooted the wits from the field; and, attaching themselves to the mighty body of Shakspeare, like barnacles to the hull of a proud man of war, they are prepared to plough with him the vast ocean of time; and thus, by the only means in their power, to snatch themselves from that oblivion to which Nature had de-

voted them. It would be unjust, however, to defraud these gentlemen of their proper praise. They have read for men of talents; and, by their gross labour in the mine, they have accumulated materials to be arranged and polished by the hand of the finer artist. Some apology may be necessary for this short digression from the more immediate subject of my biography. But the three or four years, which were passed by Shakspeare in the peaceful retirement of New Place are not distinguished by any traditionary anecdote deserving of our record; and the chasm may not improperly be supplied with whatever stands in contiguity with it. I should pass in silence, as too trifling for notice, the story of our Poet's extempore and jocular epitaph on John Combe, a rich townsman of Stratford, and a noted money-lender, if my readers would not object to me that I had omitted an anecdote which had been honoured with a place in every preceding biography of my author. As the circumstance is related by Rowe, "In a pleasant conversation among their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph if he happened to outlive him; and, since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred lies here ingraed .
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
 If any man ask, who lies in this tomb .
 Ho ! Ho ! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it." By Aubrey the story is differently told; and the lines in question, with some alterations, which evidently make them worse, are said to have been written after Combe's death. Steevens and Malone discredit the whole tale. The two first lines, as given to us by Rowe, are unquestionably not Shakspeare's; ~~and that~~ any lasting enmity subsisted between these two burghers of Stratford is

disproved by the respective wills of the parties, John Combe bequeathing five pounds to our Poet, and our Poet leaving his sword to John Combe's nephew and residuary legatee, John Combe himself being at that time deceased. With the two commentators abovementioned, I am inclined, therefore, on the whole, to reject the story as a fabrication; though I cannot, with Steevens, convict the lines of malignity; or think, with him and with Malone, that the character of Shakspeare, on the supposition of his being their author, could require any laboured vindication to clear it from stain. In the anecdote, as related by Rowe, I can see nothing but a whimsical sally, breaking from the mind of one friend, and of a nature to excite a good-humoured smile on the cheek of the other. In Aubrey's hands, the transaction assumes a somewhat darker complexion; and the worse verses, as written after the death of their subject, may justly be branded as malevolent, and as discovering enmity in the heart of their writer. But I have dwelt too long upon a topic which, in truth, is undeserving of a syllable; and if I were to linger on it any longer, for the purpose of exhibiting Malone's reasons for his preference of Aubrey's copy of the epitaph to Rowe's, and his discovery of the propriety and beauty of the single *Ho* in the last line of Aubrey's, as *Ho* is the abbreviation of *Hobgoblin*, one of the names of *Robin Good-fellow*, the fairy servant of *Oberon*, my readers would have just cause to complain of me as sporting with their time and their patience.

On the 9th of July 1614, Stratford was ravaged by a fire, which destroyed fifty-four dwelling-houses besides barns and out-offices. It abstained, however, from the property of Shakspeare, and he had only to commiserate the losses of his neighbours.

With his various powers of pleasing; his wit and his humour; the gentleness of his manners; the flow of his spirits and his fancy; the variety of anecdote with which his mind must have been stored; his knowledge of the world, and his intimacy with man, in every gradation of the society, from the prompter of a playhouse to the

peer and the sovereign, Shakspeare must have been a delightful—nay, a fascinating companion; and his acquaintance must necessarily have been courted by all the prime inhabitants of Stratford and its vicinity. But over this, as over the preceding periods of his life, brood silence and oblivion; and in our total ignorance of his intimacies and friendships, we must apply to our imagination to furnish out his convivial board where intellect presided, and delight, with admiration, gave the applause.

On the 2d of February 1615-16, he married his youngest daughter, Judith, then in the thirty-first year of her age, to Thomas Quiney, a vintner in Stratford; and on the 25th of the succeeding month he executed his will. He was then, as it would appear, in the full vigour and enjoyment of life; and we are not informed that his constitution had been previously weakened by the attack of any malady. But his days, or rather his hours, were now all numbered; for he breathed his last on the 23d of the ensuing April, on that anniversary of his birth which completed his fifty-second year. It would be gratifying to our curiosity to know something of the disease, which thus prematurely terminated the life of this illustrious man: but the secret is withheld from us; and it would be idle to endeavour to obtain it. We may be certain that Dr. Hall, who was a physician of considerable eminence, attended his father-in-law in his last illness; and Dr. Hall kept a register of all the remarkable cases, with their symptoms and treatment, which in the course of his practice had fallen under his observation. This curious MS., which had escaped the enmity of time, was obtained by Malone: but the recorded cases in it most unfortunately began with the year 1617; and the preceding part of the register, which most probably had been in existence, could nowhere be found. The mortal complaint, therefore, of William Shakspeare is likely to remain for ever unknown; and, as darkness had closed upon his path through life, so darkness now gathered round his bed of death, awfully to cover it from the eyes of succeeding generations.

On the 25th of April 1616, two days after his decease, he was buried in the chancel of the church of Stratford; and at some period within the seven subsequent years (for in 1623 it is noticed in the verses of Leonard Digges) a monument was raised to his memory either by the respect of his townsmen, or by the piety of his relations. It represents the Poet with a countenance of thought, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. It is placed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, the capitals and bases of which are gilt. The face is said, but, as far as I can find, not on any adequate authority, to have been modelled from the face of the deceased; and the whole was painted to bring the imitation nearer to nature. The face and the hands wore the carnation of life: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard were auburn: a black gown, without sleeves, hung loosely over a scarlet doublet. The cushion in its upper part was green: in its lower, crimson; and the tassels were of gold colour. This certainly was not in the high classical taste; though we may learn from Pausanias that statues in Greece were sometimes coloured after life; but as it was the work of contemporary hands, and was intended, by those who knew the Poet, to convey to posterity some resemblance of his lineaments and dress, it was a monument of rare value; and the tastelessness of Malone, who caused all its tints to be obliterated with a daubing of white lead, cannot be sufficiently ridiculed and condemned. Its material is a species of free-stone; and as the chisel of the sculptor was most probably under the guidance of Doctor Hall, it bore some promise of likeness to the mighty dead. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich:—

Judicio Pylium; genio Socratem; arte Maronem
Terra tegit; populus mœret; Olympus habet.

On a tablet underneath are inscribed these lines:—

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou can'st, whom envious death has placed

Within this monument—Shakspeare ; with whom
Quick Nature died ; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost . since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit :

and the flat stone, covering the grave, holds out, in very irregular characters, a supplication to the reader, with the promise of a blessing and the menace of a curse :

Good Friend ! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones ;
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The last of these inscriptions may have been written by Shakspeare himself under the apprehension of his bones being tumbled, with those of many of his townsmen, into the charnel-house of the parish. But his dust has continued unviolated, and is likely to remain in its holy repose till the last awful scene of our perishable globe. It were to be wished that the two preceding inscriptions were more worthy, than they are, of the tomb to which they are attached. It would be gratifying if we could give any faith to the tradition, which asserts that the bust of this monument was sculptured from a cast moulded on the face of the departed poet ; for then we might assure ourselves that we possess one authentic resemblance of this preeminently intellectual mortal. But the cast, if taken, must have been taken immediately after his death ; and we know neither at whose expense the monument was constructed ; nor by whose hand it was executed ; nor at what precise time it was erected. It may have been wrought by the artist, acting under the recollections of the Shakspeare family, into some likeness of the great townsman of Stratford ; and on this probability, we may contemplate it with no inconsiderable interest. I cannot, however, persuade myself that the likeness could have been strong. The forehead, indeed, is sufficiently spacious and intellectual : but there is a disproportionate length in the under part of the face : the mouth is weak ; and the whole countenance is heavy and inert. Not having seen the monument

itself, I can speak of it only from its numerous copies by the graver; and by these it is possible that I may be deceived. But if we cannot rely on the Stratford bust for a resemblance of our immortal dramatist, where are we to look with any hope of finding a trace of his features? It is highly probable that no portrait of him was painted during his life; and it is certain that no portrait of him, with an incontestible claim to genuineness, is at present in existence. The fairest title to authenticity seems to be assignable to that which is called the Chandos portrait; and is now in the collection of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe. The possession of this picture can be distinctly traced up to Betterton and Davenant. Through the hands of successive purchasers, it became the property of Mr. Robert Keck. On the marriage of the heiress of the Keck family, it passed to Mr. Nicholl of Colney-Hatch in Middlesex: on the union of this gentleman's daughter with the Duke of Chandos, it found a place in that nobleman's collection; and, finally, by the marriage of the present Duke of Buckingham with the Lady Anne Elizabeth Brydges, the heiress of the house of Chandos, it has settled in the gallery of Stowe. This was pronounced by the late Earl of Orford (Horace Walpole), as we are informed by Mr. Granger, to be the only original picture of Shakspeare. But two others, if not more, contend with it for the palm of originality; one, which in consequence of its having been in the possession of Mr. Felton of Drayton in the county of Salop, from whom it was purchased by the Boydells, has been called the Felton Shakspeare; and one, a miniature, which, by some connexion, as I believe, with the family of its proprietors, found its way into the cabinet of the late Sir James Lamb, more generally, perhaps, known by his original name of James Bland Burgess. The first of these pictures was reported to have been found at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, one of the favorite haunts, as it was erroneously called, of Shakspeare and his companions; and the second by a tradition, in the family of Somerville the poet, is affirmed to have been drawn from Shakspeare, who sate for it at the pressing instance of a Somerville,

one of his most intimate friends. But the genuineness of neither of these pictures can be supported under a rigid investigation; and their pretensions must yield to those of another rival portrait of our Poet, which was once in the possession of Mr. Jennens of Gopsal in Leicestershire, and is now the property of that liberal and literary nobleman, the Duke of Somerset. For the authenticity of this portrait, attributed to the pencil of Cornelius Jansenn, Mr. Boaden* contends with much zeal and ingenuity. Knowing that some of the family of Lord Southampton, Shakspeare's especial friend and patron, had been painted by Jansenn, Mr. Boaden speciously infers that, at the Earl's request, his favorite dramatist had, likewise, allowed his face to this painter's imitation; and that the Gopsal portrait, the result of the artist's skill on this occasion, had obtained a distinguished place in the picture-gallery of the noble Earl. This, however, is only unsupported assertion, and the mere idleness of conjecture. It is not pretended to be ascertained that the Gopsal portrait was ever in the possession of Shakspeare's illustrious friend; and its transfers, during the hundred and thirty-seven years, which interposed between the death of Southampton, in 1624, and the time of its emerging from darkness at Gopsal, in 1761, are not made the subjects even of a random guess. On such evidence, therefore, if evidence it can be called, it is impossible for us to receive, with Mr. Boaden, the Gopsal picture as a genuine portrait of Shakspeare. We are now assured that it was from the Chandos portrait Sir Godfrey Kneller copied the painting which he presented to Dryden, a poet inferior only to him whose portrait constituted the gift. The beautiful verses, with which the poet requited the kind attention of the painter, are very generally known: but many may require to be informed that the present, made on this occasion by the great master of the pencil to the greater master of the pen, is still in existence, preserved no doubt by the respect felt to be due to the united names of Kneller, Dryden, and Shakspeare; and is now in the

* An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Pictures and Prints offered as Portraits of Shakspeare, p. 67—80.

collection of Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Castle*. The original painting, from which Droeshout drew the copy for his engraving, prefixed to the first folio edition of our Poet's dramas, has not yet been discovered; and I feel persuaded that no original painting ever existed for his imitation; but that the artist worked in this instance from his own recollection, assisted probably by the suggestions of the Poet's theatric friends. We are, indeed, strongly of opinion that Shakspeare, remarkable, as he seems to have been, for a lowly estimate of himself, and for a carelessness of all personal distinction, would not readily submit his face to be a painter's study, to the loss of hours, which he might more usefully or more pleasurably assign to reading, to composition, or to conviviality. If any sketch of his features was made during his life, it was most probably taken by some rapid and unprofessional pencil, when the Poet was unaware of it; or, taken by surprise, and exposed by it to no inconvenience, was not disposed to resist it. We are convinced that no authentic portrait of this great man has yet been produced, or is likely to be discovered; and that we must not therefore hope to be gratified with any thing which we can contemplate with confidence as a faithful representation of his countenance. The head of the statue, executed by Scheemaker, and erected, in 1741, to the honour of our poet in Westminster Abbey, was sculptured after a mezzotinto, scraped by Simon nearly twenty years before, and said to be copied from an original portrait by Zoust. But as this artist was not known by any of his productions in England till the year 1657, no original portrait of Shakspeare could be drawn by his pencil; and, consequently, the marble chiseled by Scheemaker, under the direction of Lord Burlington, Pope, and Mead, cannot lay

* I derive my knowledge on this topic from Malone: for till I saw the fact asserted in his page, I was not aware that the picture in question had been preserved amid the wreck of poor Dryden's property. On the authority also of Malone and of Mr. Boaden, I speak of Sir Godfrey's present to Dryden as of a copy from the Chandos portrait.

any claim to an authorised resemblance to the man, for whom it was wrought. We must be satisfied, therefore, with knowing, on the authority of Aubrey, that our Poet "was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and our imagination must supply the expansion of his forehead, the sparkle and flash of his eyes, the sense and good-temper playing round his mouth; the intellectuality and the benevolence mantling over his whole countenance.

It is well that we are better acquainted with the rectitude of his morals, than with the symmetry of his features. To the integrity of his heart; the gentleness and benignity of his manners, we have the positive testimony of Chettle and Ben Jonson; the former of whom seems to have been drawn, by our Poet's good and amiable qualities, from the faction of his dramatic enemies; and the latter, in his love and admiration of the man, to have lost all his natural jealousy of the successful competitor for the poetic palm. I have already cited Chettle: let me now cite Jonson, from whose pages much more of a similar nature might be adduced. "I loved," he says in his 'Discoveries,' "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions," &c. &c. When Jonson apostrophizes his deceased friend, he calls him, "My gentle Shakspeare," and the title of "the sweet swan of Avon," so generally given to him, after the example of Jonson, by his contemporaries, seems to have been given with reference as much to the suavity of his temper as to the harmony of his verse. In their dedication of his works to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, his fellows, Heminge and Condell, profess that their great object in their publication was "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakspeare:" and their preface to the public appears evidently to have been dictated by their personal and affectionate attachment to their departed friend. If we wish for any further evidence in the support of the moral character of Shakspeare, we may find it in the friendship of Southampton; we may

extract it from the pages of his immortal works. Dr. Johnson, in his much over-praised Preface, seems to have taken a view, very different from ours, of the morality of our author's scenes. He says, "His (Shakspeare's) first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience; and is so much more careful to please than to instruct that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of moral duty may be selected," (indeed!) "but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him:" (Would the preface-writer have wished the dramatist to give a connected treatise on ethics like the offices of Cicero?) "he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked: he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong; and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of the age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place." Why this commonplace on justice should be compelled into the station in which we here most strangely find it, I cannot for my life conjecture. But absurd as it is made by its association in this place, it may not form an improper conclusion to a paragraph which means little, and which, intending censure, confers dramatic praise on a dramatic writer. It is evident, however, that Dr. Johnson, though he says that a system of moral duty may be selected from Shakspeare's writings, wished to inculcate that his scenes were not of a moral tendency. On this topic, the first and the greater Jonson seems to have entertained very different sentiments—

———"Look, how the father's face

(says this great man)

Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and truefiled lines."

We think, indeed, that his scenes are rich in sterling morality, and that they must have been the effusions of a moral mind. The only crimination of his morals must be drawn from a few of his sonnets; and from a story first suggested by Antony Wood, and afterwards told by Oldys on the authority of Betterton and Pope. From the Sonnets * we can collect nothing more than that their writer was blindly attached to an unprincipled woman, who preferred a young and beautiful friend of his to himself. But the story told by Oldys presents something to us of a more tangible nature; and as it possesses some intrinsic merit as a story, and rests, as to its principal facts, on the authority of Wood, who was a native of Oxford and a veracious man, we shall not hesitate, after the example of most of the recent biographers of our Poet, to relate it, and in the very words of Oldys. "If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often barked at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The landlady was a beautiful woman and of a sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William Davenant) was then a little schoolboy, in the town, of about seven or eight years old; and so fond also of Shakspeare that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father*, Shakspeare. There is a good boy; said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain! This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

On these two instances of his frailty, under the influence of the tender passion, one of them supported by

* See Son. 141. 144. 147. 151, 152.

his own evidence, and one resting on authority which seems to be not justly questionable, depend all the charges which can be brought against the strict personal morality of Shakspeare. In these days of peculiarly sensitive virtue, he would not possibly be admitted into the party of the saints: but, in the age in which he lived, these errors of his human weakness did not diminish the respect, commanded by the probity of his heart; or the love, conciliated by the benignity of his manners; or the admiration exacted by the triumph of his genius. I blush with indignation when I relate that an offense, of a much more foul and atrocious nature, has been suggested against him by a critic * of the present day, on the pretended testimony of a large number of his sonnets. But his own proud character, which raised him high in the estimation of his contemporaries, sufficiently vindicates him from this abominable imputation. It is admitted that one hundred and twenty of these little poems are addressed to a male, and that in the language of many of them love is too strongly and warmly identified with friendship. But in the days of Shakspeare love and friendship were almost synonymous terms. In the Merchant of Venice†, Lorenzo speaking of Antonio to Portia, says,

“ But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to ;
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,” &c.

and Portia, in her reply, calls Antonio “ *the bosom lover* of her lord.” Drayton, in a letter to his friend, Drummond of Hawthornden, tells him that Mr. Joseph Davies *is in love with him*; and Ben Jonson concludes a letter to Dr. Donne by professing himself as ever *his true lover*. Many more instances of the same perverted language might be educed from the writings of that gross and indelicate age; and I have not a doubt that Shakspeare,

* See Monthly Review for Dec. 1824; article, Skottowe's Life of Shakspeare.

† Act iii. sc. 4.

without exposing himself to the hazard of suspicion, employed this authorized dialect of his time to give the greater glow to these addresses to his young friend. But who was this young friend? The question has frequently been asked; and never once been even speciously answered. I would as readily believe, with the late Mr. G. Chalmers, that this object of our author's poetic ardour was Queen Elizabeth, changed for the particular purpose, like the Iphis of the Roman poet, into a man, as I would be induced to think, with the writer "On Shakspeare and his Times," that these familiar and fervent addresses were made to the proud and the lofty Southampton. Neither can I persuade myself, with Malone, that the friend and the mistress are the mere creatures of our Poet's imagination, raised for the sport of his muse, and without "a local habitation or a name." They were, unquestionably, realities: but who they were must for ever remain buried in inscrutable mystery. That those addressed to his male friend are not open to the infamous interpretation, affixed to them by the Monthly critic, may be proved, as I persuade myself, to demonstration. The odious vice, to which we allude, was always in England held in merited detestation; and would our Poet consent to be the publisher of his own shame? to become a sort of outcast from society? to be made

"A fixed figure for the hand of time
To point his slow, unmoving finger at?"

If the sonnets in question were not actually published by him, he refrained to guard them from manuscript distribution; and they soon, as might be expected, found their way to the press; whence they were rapidly circulated, to the honour of his poetry and not to the discredit of his morals. So pure was he from the disgusting vice, imputed to him, for the first time, in the nineteenth century, that he alludes to it only once (if my recollection be at all accurate) in all his voluminous works; and that is where the foul-mouthed Thersites,

in *Troilus and Cressida**, calls Patroclus “Achilles’s masculine whore.” Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, that these sonnets should be the effusions of sexual love is incredible, inconceivable, impossible; and we must turn away from the injurious suggestion with honest abhorrence and disdain.

The Will of Shakspeare, giving to his youngest daughter, Judith, not more than three hundred pounds, and a piece of plate, which probably was valuable, as it is called by the testator, “My broad silver and gilt bowl,” assigns almost the whole of his property to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband; whom he appoints to be his executors. The cause of this evident partiality in the father appears to be discoverable in the higher mental accomplishments of the elder daughter; who is reported to have resembled him in her intellectual endowments, and to have been eminently distinguished by the piety and the Christian benevolence which actuated her conduct. Having survived her estimable husband fourteen years, she died on the 11th of July 1649; and the inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, commemorates her intellectual superiority and the influence of religion upon her heart. This inscription, which we shall transcribe, bears witness also, as we must observe, to the piety of her illustrious father.

Witty above her sex ; but that’s not all :
 Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
 Something of Shakspeare was in *that* ; but *this*
Wholly of him, with whom she’s now in bliss.
 Then, passenger, hast ne’er a tear
 To weep with her, that wept with all :
 That wept, yet set herself to cheer
 Them up with comforts cordial.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne’er a tear to shed.

As Shakspeare’s last will and testament will be printed at the end of this biography, we may refer our readers

* Act v. sc. 1.

to that document for all the minor legacies which it bequeaths; and may pass immediately to an account of our great Poet's family, as far as it can be given from records which are authentic. Judith, his younger daughter, bore to her husband, Thomas Quiney, three sons; Shakspeare, who died in his infancy, Richard and Thomas, who deceased, the first in his 21st year, the last in his 19th, unmarried and before their mother; who, having reached her 77th year, expired in February 1661-2—being buried on the 9th of that month. She appears either not to have received any education, or not to have profited by the lessons of her teachers, for to a deed, still in existence, she affixes her mark.

We have already mentioned the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of Susanna Hall. She left only one daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized on the 21st of February 1607-8, eight years before her grandfather's decease, and was married on the 22d of April, 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, as it appears, of independent fortune. Two years after the death of Mr. Nash, who was buried on the 5th of April 1647, she married on the 5th of June 1649, at Billesley in Warwickshire, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington, a small village in the vicinity of Northampton. She died, and was buried at Abington, on the 17th of February 1669-70; and, as she left no issue by either of her husbands, her death terminated the lineal descendents of Shakspeare. His collateral kindred have been indulged with a much longer period of duration; the descendents of his sister, Joan, having continued in a regular succession of generations even to our days; whilst none of them, with a single exception, have broken from that rank in the community in which their ancestors, William Hart and Joan Shakspeare united their unostentatious fortunes in the year 1599. The single exception to which we allude is that of Charles Hart, believed, for good reasons, to be the son of William the eldest son of William and Joan Hart, and consequently the grand-
 -ew of our Poet. At the early age of seventeen, Charles Hart, as lieutenant in Prince Rupert's regi-

ment, fought at the battle of Edgehill; and, subsequently betaking himself to the stage, he became the most renowned tragic actor of his time. "What Mr. Hart delivers," says Rymer, (I adopt the citation from the page of Malone) "every one takes upon content: their eyes are prepossessed and charmed by his action before aught of the poet's can approach their ears; and to the most wretched of characters he gives a lustre and brilliancy, which dazzles the sight that the deformities in the poetry cannot be perceived." "Were I a poet," (says another contemporary writer) "nay a Fletcher or a Shakspeare, I would quit my own title to immortality so that one actor might never die. This I may modestly say of him (nor is it my particular opinion, but the sense of all mankind) that the best tragedies on the English stage have received their lustre from Mr. Hart's performance: that he has left such an impression behind him, that no less than the interval of an age can make them appear again with half their majesty from any second hand." This was a brilliant eruption from the family of Shakspeare: but as it was the first so it appears to have been the last; and the Harts have ever since, as far at least as it is known to us, "pursued the noiseless tenor of their way," within the precincts of their native town on the banks of the soft-flowing Avon*.

Whatever is in any degree associated with the personal history of Shakspeare is weighty with general interest. The circumstance of his birth can impart con-

* By intelligence, on the accuracy of which I can rely, and which has only just reached me, from the birthplace of Shakspeare, I learn that the family of the Harts, after a course of lineal descents during the revolution of two hundred and twenty-six years, is now on the verge of extinction; an aged woman, who retains *in single blessedness* her maiden name of Hart, being at this time (Nov. 1825) its sole surviving representative. For some years she occupied the house of her ancestors, in which Shakspeare is reported to have first seen the light; and here she obtained a comfortable subsistence by showing the antiquities of the venerated mansion to the numerous strangers who were attracted to it. Being dispossessed of this residence by the

sequence even to a provincial town; and we are not unconcerned in the past or the present fortunes of the place, over which hovers the glory of his name. But the house, in which he passed the last three or four years of his life, and in which he terminated his mortal labours, is still more engaging to our imaginations, as it is more closely and personally connected with him. Its history, therefore, must not be omitted by us; and if, in some respects, we should differ in it from the narrative of Malone, we shall not be without reasons sufficient to justify the deviations in which we indulge. New Place, then, which was not thus first named by Shakspeare, was built in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt., the younger son of an old family resident near Stratford, who had filled in succession the offices of Sheriff and of Lord Mayor of London. In 1563 it was sold by one of the Clopton family to William Bott; and by him it was again sold in 1570 to William Underhill, (the purchaser and the seller being both of the rank of esquires) from whom it was bought by our Poet in 1597. By him it was bequeathed to his daughter, Susanna Hall; from whom it descended to her only child, Lady Barnard. In the June of 1643, this Lady, with her first husband Mr. Nash, entertained, for nearly three weeks, at New Place, Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I., when, escorted by Prince Rupert and a large body of troops, she was on her progress to meet her royal consort, and to proceed with him to Oxford. On the death of Lady Barnard without children, New

rapaciousness of its proprietor, she settled herself in a dwelling nearly opposite to it. Here she still lives; and continues to exhibit some reliques, not reputed to be genuine, of the mighty bard, with whom her maternal ancestor was nourished in the same womb. She regards herself also as a dramatic poet; and, in support of her pretensions, she produces the rude sketch of a play, uninforming, as it is said, with any of the vitality of genius. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Charles Fellows of Nottingham, who, with the characteristic kindness of his most estimable family, sought for the intelligence which was required by me, and obtained it.

Place was sold, in 1675*, to Sir Edward Walker, Kt., Garter King at Arms; by whom it was left to his only child, Barbara, married to Sir John Clopton, Kt., of Clopton in the parish of Stratford. On his demise, it became the property of a younger son of his, Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt. (this family of the Cloptons seems to have been peculiarly prolific in the breed of knights), by whom it was repaired and decorated at a very large expense. Malone affirms that it was pulled down by him, and its place supplied by a more sumptuous edifice. If this statement were correct, the crime of its subsequent destroyer would be greatly extenuated; and the hand which had wielded the axe against the hallowed mulberry tree, would be absolved from the second act, imputed to it, of sacrilegious violence. But Malone's account is, unquestionably, erroneous. In the May of 1742, Sir Hugh entertained Garrick, Macklin, and Delany under the shade of the Shakspearian mulberry. On the demise of Sir Hugh † in the December of 1751, New Place was sold by his son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, the Lord Chancellor Talbot's brother, to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; by whom, on some quarrel with the magistrates on the subject of the parochial assessments, it was razed to the ground, and its site abandoned to vacancy. On this completion of his outrages ‡ against the memory of

* Malone gives a different account of some of the transfers of New Place. According to him, it passed by sale, on the death of Lady Barnard, to Edward Nash, the cousin-german of that Lady's first husband; and, by him, was bequeathed to his daughter Mary, the wife of Sir Reginald Foster; from whom it was bought by Sir John Clopton, who gave it by deed to his youngest son, Sir Hugh. But the deed, which conveyed New Place to Sir Edward Walker, is still in existence; and has been published by R. B. Wheler, the historian of Stratford.

† Sir Hugh Clopton was knighted by George I. He was a barrister at law; and died in the December of 1751, at the advanced age of eighty. MALONE.

‡ Our days, also, have witnessed a similar profanation of the relicks of genius; not, indeed, of genius equally hallowed with

Shakspeare, which his unlucky possession of wealth enabled him to commit, Francis Gastrell departed from Stratford, hooted out of the town, and pursued by the execrations of its inhabitants. The fate of New Place has been rather remarkable. After the demolition of the house by Gastrell, the ground, which it had occupied, was thrown into the contiguous garden, and was sold by the widow of the clerical barbarian. Having remained during a certain period, as a portion of a garden, a house was again erected on it, and, in consequence also of some dispute about the parish assessments, that house, like its predecessor, was pulled down; and its site was finally abandoned to Nature, for the production of her fruits and her flowers: and thither may we imagine the little Elves and Fairies frequently to resort, to trace the footsteps of their beloved poet, now obliterated from the vision of man; to throw a finer perfume on the violet; to unfold the first rose of the year, and to tinge its cheek with a richer blush; and, in their dances beneath the full-orbed moon, to chant their harmonies, too subtle for the gross ear of mortality, to the fondly cherished memory of their darling, THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON.

that of which we have been speaking, for Nature has not yet produced a second Shakspeare; but of genius, which had conversed with the immortal Muses, which had once been the delight of the good and the terror of the bad. I allude to the violation of Pope's charming retreat, on the banks of the Thames, by a capricious and tasteless woman, who has endeavoured to blot out every memorial of the great and moral poet from that spot, which his occupation had made classic, and dear to the heart of his country. In the mutability of all human things, and the inevitable shiftings of property, "From you to me, from me to Peter Walter," these lamentable desecrations, which mortify our pride and wound our sensibilities, will of necessity sometimes occur. The site of the Tusculan of Cicero may become the haunt of banditti, or be disgraced with the walls of a monastery. The residences of a Shakspeare and a Pope may be devastated and defiled by a Parson Gastrell and a Baroness Howe. We can only sigh over the ruin when its deformity strikes upon our eyes, and execrate the hands by which it has been savagely accomplished.

Of the personal history of William Shakspeare, as far as it can be drawn, even in shadowy existence, from the obscurity which invests it, and of whatever stands in immediate connexion with it, we have now exhibited all that we can collect; and we are not conscious of having omitted a single circumstance of any moment, or worthy of the attention of our readers. We might, indeed, with old Fuller, speak of our Poet's *wit-combats*, as Fuller calls them, at the Mermaid with Ben Jonson: but then we have not one anecdote on record of either of these intellectual gladiators to produce, for not a sparkle of our Shakspeare's convivial wit has travelled down to our eyes; and it would be neither instructive nor pleasant to see him represented as a light skiff, skirmishing with a huge galleon, and either evading or pressing attack as prudence suggested, or the alertness of his movements emboldened him to attempt. The lover of heraldry may, perhaps, censure us for neglecting to give the blazon of Shakspeare's arms, for which, as it appears, two patents were issued from the herald's office, one in 1569 or 1570, and one in 1599; and by him, who will insist on the transcription of every word which has been imputed on any authority to the pen of Shakspeare, we may be blamed for passing over in silence two very indifferent epitaphs, which have been charged on him. We will now, therefore, give the arms which were accorded to him; and we will, also, copy the two epitaphs in question. We may then, without any further impediment, proceed to the more agreeable portion of our labours,—the notice of our author's works.

The armorial bearings of the Shakspeare family are, or rather were,—Or, on a bend sable, a tilting spear of the first, point upwards, headed argent. Crest, A falcon displayed, argent, supporting a spear in pale, or.

In a MS. volume of poems, by William Herrick and others, preserved in the Bodleian, is the following epitaph, attributed, certainly not on its internal evidence, to our Poet. Its subject was, probably, the member of

a family with the surname of James, which once existed in Stratford.

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
 Elias James to nature paid his debt,
 And here repositeth ; as he lived he died ;
 The saying in him strongly verified,—
 Such life, such death : then, the known truth to tell,
 He lived a godly life and died as well.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Among the monuments in Tonge Church, in the county of Salop, is one raised to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knt., who is thought by Malone to have died about the year 1600. With the prose inscription on this tomb, transcribed by Sir W. Dugdale, are the verses which I am about to copy, said by Dugdale to have been made by William Shakspeare, the late famous tragedian.

ON THE EAST END OF THE TOMB.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep :
 He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
 This stony register is for his bones :
 His fame is more perpetual than these stones :
 And his own goodness with himself being gone,
 Shall live when earthly monument is none.

ON THE WEST END.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame :
 Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
 The memory of him for whom this stands,
 Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands.
 When all to time's consumption shall be given,
 Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

As the great works of Shakspeare have engaged the attention of an active and a learned century since they were edited by Rowe, little that is new on the subject of them can be expected from a pen of the present day. It is necessary, however, that we should notice them,

lest our readers should be compelled to seek in another page than ours for that common information which they might conceive themselves to be entitled to expect from us.

Fourteen of his plays were published separately, in quarto copies, during our Poet's life; and, seven years after his death, a complete edition of them was given to the public in folio by his theatric fellows, Heminge and Condell. Of those productions of his, which were circulated by the press while he was yet living, and were all surreptitious, our great author seems to have been as utterly regardless as he necessarily was of those which appeared when he was mouldering in his grave*. We

* In his essay on the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, Malone concludes very properly from the title-page of the earliest edition of Hamlet, which he believed then to be extant, that this edition (published in 1604) had been preceded by another of a less correct and less perfect character. A copy of the elder edition, in question, has lately been discovered; and it is, indeed, far more remote from perfection than its successor, which was collated by Malone. It obviously appears to have been printed from the rude draught of the drama, as it was sketched by the Poet from the first suggestions of his mind. But how this rude and imperfect draught could fall into the hands of its publisher, is a question not easily to be answered. Such, however, is the authority to be attached to all the early quartos. They were obtained by every indirect mean; and the first incorrect MS., blotted again and again by the pens of ignorant transcribers, and multiplied by the press, was suffered, by the apathy of its illustrious author, to be circulated, without check, among the multitude. Hence the grossest anomalies of grammar have been considered, by his far-famed restorers, as belonging to the dialect of Shakspeare; and the most egregious infractions of rhythm, as the tones of his *honey-tongued* muse. The variations of the copy of Hamlet immediately before us, which was published in 1603, from the perfect drama, as it subsequently issued from the press, are far too numerous to be noticed in this place, if indeed this place could properly be assigned to such a purpose. I may, however, just mention that Corambis and Montano are the names given in this copy to the Polonius and Reynaldo of the more perfect editions; and the young lord, Osrick, is called in it only a braggart gentleman.

have already observed on the extraordinary,—nay wonderful indifference of this illustrious man toward the offspring of his fancy; and we make it again the subject of our remark solely for the purpose of illustrating the cause of those numerous and pernicious errors which deform all the early editions of his plays. He must have known that many of these, his intellectual children, were walking through the community in a state of gross disease, with their limbs spotted, as it were, with the leprosy or the plague. But he looked on them without one parental feeling, and stretched not out his hand for their relief. They had broken from the confinement of the players, to whose keeping he had consigned them; and it was their business and not his to reclaim them. As for the rest of his intellectual progeny, they were where he had placed them; and he was utterly unconcerned about their future fate. How fraught and glowing with the principle of life must have been their nature to enable them to subsist, and to force themselves into immortality under so many circumstances of evil!

The copies of the plays, published antecedently to his death, were transcribed either by memory from their recitation on the stage; or from the separate parts, written out for the study of the particular actors, and to be pieced together by the skill of the editor; or, lastly, if stolen or bribed access could be obtained to it, from the prompter's book itself. From any of these sources of acquisition the copy would necessarily be polluted with very flagrant errors; and from every edition, through which it ran, it would naturally contract more pollution and a deeper stain. Such of the first copies as were fortunately transcribed from the prompter's book, would probably be in a state of greater relative correctness: but they are all, in different degrees, deformed with inaccuracies; and not one of them can claim the right to be followed as an authority. What Steevens and Malone call the restoring of Shakspeare's text, by reducing it to the reading of these early quartos, is frequently the restoring of it to error and to nonsense, from which it had luckily been reclaimed by the felicity

of conjectural criticism. One instance immediately occurs to me, to support what I have affirmed; and it may be adduced instead of a score, which might be easily found, of these vaunted *restorations*.

In that fine scene between John and Hubert, where the monarch endeavours to work up his agent to the royal purposes of murder, the former says,

—————If thou couldst
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, &c. &c.

Then in despite of *brooded*, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts, &c. &c.

The passage thus stood in one of these old copies of *authority*: but Pope, not able to discover any meaning in the epithet, *brooded*, most happily substituted “broad-eyed” in its stead. As the compound was poetic and Shakspearian (for Shakspeare has dull-eyed and fire-eyed), and was also most peculiarly suited to the place which it was to fill, the substitution for a while was permitted to remain; till Steevens, discovering the reading of the old copy, restored *brooded* to the station whence it had been felicitously expelled, and abandoned the line once more to the nonsense of the first editor.

In 1623, the first complete edition of our author’s dramatic works was published in folio by his comrades of the theatre, Heminge and Condell; and in this we might expect a text tolerably incorrupt, if not perfectly pure. The editors denounced the copies which had preceded their edition as “stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them; even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.” But notwithstanding these professions, and their honest resentment against impostors and surreptitious copies, the labours of these sole possessors of Shakspeare’s MSS. did not obtain the credit

which they arrogated; and they are charged with printing from those very quartos, on which they had heaped so much well-merited abuse. They printed, as there cannot be a doubt, from their prompter's book (for by what temptation could they be enticed beyond it?), but then, from the same book were transcribed many, perhaps, of the surreptitious quartos; and it is not wonderful that transcripts of the same page should be precisely alike. These editors, however, of the first folio, have incurred the heavy displeasure of some of our modern critics, who are zealous on all occasions to depreciate their work. Wherever they differ from the first quartos, which, for the reason that I have assigned, they must in general very closely resemble, Malone is ready to decide against them, and to defer to the earlier edition. But it is against the editor of the second folio, published in 1632, that he points the full storm of his indignation. He charges this luckless wight, whoever he may be, with utter ignorance of the language of Shakspeare's time, and of the fabric of Shakspeare's verse; and he considers him and Pope as the grand corrupters of Shakspeare's text. Without reflecting that to be ignorant of the language of Shakspeare's time was, in the case of this hapless editor, to be ignorant of his own, for he who published in 1632 could hardly speak with a tongue different from his who died only sixteen years before, Malone indulges in an elaborate display of the unhappy man's ignorance, and of his presumptuous alterations. He (the editor of the second folio) did not know that the double negative was the customary and authorized dialect of the age of Queen Elizabeth (God help him, poor man! for if he were forty years old when he edited Shakspeare, he must have received the first rudiments of his education in the reign of the maiden queen); and thus egregiously ignorant (ignorant, by the bye, where Shakspeare himself was ignorant, for in his *Twelfth Night**, the clown says, "If

* Act v. sc. i.

your four negatives make your two affirmatives—why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes,” &c.) but thus egregiously ignorant, instead of

“ Nor to her bed no homage do I owe,”

this editor has stupidly printed,

“ Nor to her bed a homage do I owe.”

Again, in “ As You Like It,” for “ I cannot go *no* further,” this blockhead of an editor has substituted “ I can go no further.” In “ Much Ado about Nothing,” for

“ There will she hide her
To listen our purpose.”

this corrupting editor has presumed to relieve the halting metre by printing,—

“ There will she bide her
To listen to our purpose.”

In these instances, I feel convinced that the editor is right, and consequently that the critic is the blockhead who is wrong. In what follows also, I am decidedly of opinion that the scale inclines in favour of the former of these deadly opposites. The double comparative is common in the plays of Shakspeare, says Malone:—true, as I am willing to allow; but always, as I am persuaded, in consequence of the illiteracy or the carelessness of the first transcriber: for why should Shakspeare write more anomalous English than Spenser, Daniel, Hooker, and Bacon? or why in his plays should he be guilty of barbarisms with which those poems of his*,

* In his “ Venus and Adonis,” and his “ Rape of Lucrece,” printed under his immediate inspection; and in his 154 Sonnets, printed from correct MSS., and no doubt with his knowledge, are not to be found any of these barbarous anomalies. “ The Passionate Pilgrim,” and “ The Lover’s Complaint,” are, also, free from them. *Worser* and *lesser* may sometimes occur in these poems: but the last of these improprieties will occasionally find a place in the page of modern composition. In the “ Rape of

that were printed under his own immediate eye, are altogether unstained? But, establishing the double comparative as one of the peculiar anomalies of Shakspeare's grammar, Malone proceeds to arraign the unfortunate editor as a criminal, for substituting, in a passage of Coriolanus, *more worthy* for *more worthier*; in Othello—for, "opinion, a sovereign mistress, throws a *more safer* voice on you," "opinion, &c. throws a *more safe* voice on you;" and, in Hamlet, instead of "Your wisdom should show itself *more richer* to signify this to the doctor," "Your wisdom should show itself *more rich* to signify this to the doctor." Need I express my conviction that in these passages the editor has corrected the text into what actually fell from Shakspeare's pen? Can it be doubted also that the editor is accurate in his printing of the following passage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream?" As adopted by Malone it stands,

"So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

i. e., says the critic, to give sovereignty *to*, &c.—'To be sure—and, without the insertion, in this instance, of the preposition, the sentence would be nonsense. As it is published by the editor, it is,—

"So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, *to* whose *unwish'd* yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

Having now sufficiently demonstrated the editor's ignorance of Shakspeare's language, let us proceed with his

Laerece," the only anomaly of the double negative, which I have been able to discover, is the following :—

"She touch'd no unknown baits, *nor* fear'd no hooks,"

and the same impropriety may be found in three or four instances in the Sonnets. And substituted for *nor* would restore these few passages to perfect grammar.

critic to ascertain his ignorance of Shakspeare's metre and rhythm. In "The Winter's Tale*," says Malone, we find,

"What wheels, racks, fires; what flaying, boiling
In leads and oils!"

Not knowing that 'fires' was used as a dissyllable, the editor added the word burning, at the end of the line (I wish that he had inserted it before 'boiling')—

"What wheels, racks, fires; what flaying, boiling, burning."

It is possible that fires may be used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable, though I cannot easily persuade myself that, otherwise than as a monosyllable, it would satisfy an ear, attuned, as was his, to the finest harmonies of verse; yet it may be employed as a dissyllable by the rapid and careless bard; and I am ready to allow that the defective verse was not happily supplied, in that place at least, with the word, burning, yet I certainly believe that Shakspeare did not leave the line in question as Malone has adopted it, and that some word has been omitted by the carelessness of the first transcriber. In the next instance, from Julius Cæsar, I feel assured that the editor is right, as his supplement is as beneficial to the sense, as it is necessary to the rhythm. Malone's line is,

"And with the brands fire the traitor's houses:"
the editor's

"And with the brands fire *all* the traitors' houses."

The next charge, brought against the editor, may be still more easily repelled. In a noted passage of Macbeth—

"I would while it was smiling in my face
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this."

* Act iii. sc. 2.

"Not perceiving," says Malone, "that 'sworn' was used as a dissyllable," (the devil it was!) "He (the editor) reads 'had I *but* so sworn,'"—much, as we think, to the advantage of the sense as well as of the metre; and supplying, as we conceive, the very word which Shakspeare had written, and the carelessness of the transcriber omitted. 'Charms' our Poet sometimes uses, according to Malone, as a word of two syllables."—No! impossible! Our Poet might, occasionally, be guilty of an imperfect verse, or the omission of his transcriber might furnish him with one; but never could he use "charms" as a word of two syllables. We feel, therefore, obliged by the editor's supplying an imperfect line in "The Tempest" with the very personal pronoun which, it is our persuasion, was at first inserted by Shakspeare. In the most modern editions, the line in question stands—"Cursed be I that did so! all the charms," &c. but the second folio reads with unquestionable propriety, "Cursed be I that *I* did so! all the charms," &c. As 'hour' has the same prolonged sound with fire, sire, &c. and as it is possible, though, with reference to the fine ear of Shakspeare, I think most improbable, that it might sometimes be made to occupy the place of two syllables, I shall pass over the instance from "Richard II." in which Malone triumphs, though without cause, over his adversary; as I shall also pass over that from "All's Well that Ends Well," in which a defective line has been happily supplied by our editor, in consequence of his not knowing that 'sire' was employed as a dissyllable. In the first part of "Henry VI." "Rescued is Orleans from the English," is prolonged by the editor with a syllable which he deemed necessary because he was ignorant that the word, 'English,' was used as a trissyllable. According to him the line is—"Rescued is Orleans from the English *wolves*." We rejoice at this result of the editor's ignorance; and we wish to know who is there who can believe that 'English' was pronounced, by Shakspeare or his contemporaries, as *Engerlish*, or even as *Engleish*, with three syllables? Again, not knowing that

‘ Charles’ was used as a word of two syllables (and he was sufficiently near to the time of Shakspeare to know his pronunciation of such a common word: but the blockhead could not be taught the most common things), this provoking editor instead of

“ Orleans the bastard, Charles, Burgundy,”

has printed,

“ Orleans the bastard, Charles, *and* Burgundy.”

In the next instance, I must confess myself to be ignorant of Malone’s meaning. “ Astræa being used,” he says, “ as a word of *three* syllables” (I conclude that he intended to say, as a word of *four* syllables, the diphthong being dialytically separated into its component parts, and the word written and pronounced Astraëa), for “ Divinest creature, Astræa’s daughter,” the editor has given, “ Divinest creature, *bright* Astræa’s daughter.”—Shameless interpolation! Not aware that ‘ sure’ is used as a dissyllable, this grand corrupter of Shakspeare’s text has substituted, “ Gloster, we’ll meet to thy *dear* cost, be sure,” for “ Gloster, we’ll meet to thy cost, be sure.”—Once more, and to conclude an examination which I could extend to a much greater length in favour of this much-injured editor, but which I feel to be now becoming tedious, for,

“ And so to arms, victorious father,”

as the line is sanctioned by Malone, ‘ arms,’ being used, as he asserts, for a dissyllable (arms a dissyllable!), the second folio presents us with—

“ And so to arms, victorious, *noble* father.”

I have said enough to convince my readers of the falsity of the charges of stupidity and gross ignorance, brought by Malone against the editor of the second folio edition of our Poet’s dramatic works. I am far from assuming to vindicate this editor from the commission of many flagrant errors: but he is frequently right, and was unquestionably conversant, let Malone assert what he

pleases, with his author's language and metre. It was not, therefore, without cause that Steevens held his labours in much estimation. Malone was an invaluable collector of facts: his industry was indefatigable: his researches were deep: his pursuit of truth was sincere and ardent: but he wanted the talents and the taste of a critic; and of all the editors, by whom Shakspeare has suffered, I must consider him as the most pernicious. Neither the indulged fancy of Pope, nor the fondness for innovation in Hanmer, nor the arrogant and headlong self-confidence of Warburton has inflicted such cruel wounds on the text of Shakspeare, as the assuming dulness of Malone. Barbarism and broken rhythm dog him at the heels wherever he treads.

In praise of the third and the fourth folio editions of our author's dramas, printed respectively in 1664 and 1685, nothing can be advanced. Each of these editions implicitly followed its immediate predecessor, and, adopting all its errors, increased them to a frightful accumulation with its own. With the text of Shakspeare in this disorder, the public of Britain remained satisfied during many years. From the period of his death he had not enforced that popularity to which his title was undeniable. Great, though inferior, men, Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, Ford, &c. got possession of the stage, and retained it till it ceased to exist under the puritan domination. On the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, the theatre indeed was again opened; but, under the influence of the vicious taste of the new monarch, it was surrendered to a new school (the French school) of the drama; and its mastery was held by Dryden, with many subordinates, during a long succession of years. Throughout this whole period, Shakspeare was nearly forgotten by his ungrateful or blinded countrymen. His splendor, it is true, was gleaming above the horizon; and his glory, resting in purple and gold upon the hill-summits, obtained the homage of a select band of his worshippers: but it was still hidden from the eyes of the multitude; and it was long before it gained its "meridian tower," whence it was to throw its "glitter-

ing shafts" over a large portion of the earth. At length, about the commencement of the last century, Britain began to open her eyes to the excellency of her illustrious son, THE GREAT POET OF NATURE, and to discover a solicitude for the integrity of his works. A new and a more perfect edition of them became the demand of the public; and, to answer it, an edition, under the superintendence of Rowe, made its appearance in 1709. Rowe, however, either forgetting or shrinking from the high and laborious duties, which he had undertaken, selected, most unfortunately, for his model, the last and the worst of the folio editions; and, without collating either of the first two folios or any of the earlier quartos, he gave to the disappointed public a transcript much too exact of the impure text which lay opened before him. Some of its grosser errors, however, he corrected; and he prefixed to his edition a short memoir of the life of his author; which, meagre and weakly written as it is, still constitutes the most authentic biography that we possess of our mighty bard.

On the failure of this edition, after the pause of a few years, another was projected; and that it might be more adequate to the claims of Shakspeare and of Britain, the conduct of it was placed, in homage to his just celebrity, in the hands of Pope. Pope showed himself more conscious of the nature of his task, and more faithful in his execution of it than his predecessor. He disclosed to the public the very faulty state of his author's text, and suggested the proper means of restoring it: he collated many of the earlier editions, and he cleared the page of Shakspeare from many of its deformities: but his collations were not sufficiently extensive; and he indulged, perhaps, somewhat too much in conjectural emendation. This exposed him to the attacks of the petty and minute critics; and, the success of his work falling short of his expectations, he is said to have contracted that enmity to verbal criticism, which actuated him during the remaining days of his life. His edition was published in the year 1725. Before this was undertaken, Theobald, a man of no great abilities and of little

learning, had projected the restoration of Shakspeare: but his labours had been suspended, or their result had been withheld from the press, till the issue of Pope's attempt was ascertained by its accomplishment, and publication. The Shakspeare of Theobald's editing was not given to the world before the year 1733; when it obtained more of the public regard than its illustrious predecessor, in consequence of its being drawn from a somewhat wider field of collation; and of its less frequent and presumptuous admission of conjecture. Theobald, indeed, did not wholly abstain from conjecture: but the palm of conjectural criticism was placed much too high for the reach of his hand.

To Theobald, as an editor of Shakspeare, succeeded Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, in 1744, published a superb edition of the great dramatist from the press of Oxford. But Hanmer, building his work on that of Pope, and indulging in the wildest and most wanton innovations, deprived his edition of all pretensions to authenticity and consequently to merit.

The bow of Ulysses was next seized by a mighty hand—by the hand of Warburton; whose Shakspeare was published in 1747. It failed of success; for, conceiving that the editor intended to make his author his showman to exhibit his erudition and intellectual power, the public quickly neglected his work; and it soon disappeared from circulation, though some of its proffered substitutions must be allowed to be happy, and some of its explanations to be just.

After an interval of eighteen years, Shakspeare obtained once more an editor of great name, and seemingly in every way accomplished to assert the rights of his author. In 1765 Doctor Samuel Johnson presented the world with his long-promised edition of our dramatist: and the public expectation, which had been highly raised, was again doomed to be disappointed. Johnson had a powerful intellect, and was perfectly conversant with human life: but he was not sufficiently versed in black-letter lore; and, deficient in poetic taste, he was unable to accompany our great bard in the higher flights

of his imagination. The public in general were not satisfied with his commentary or his text: but to his preface they gave the most unlimited applause. The array and glitter of its words; the regular and pompous march of its periods, with its pervading affectation of deep thought and of sententious remark, seem to have fascinated the popular mind; and to have withdrawn from the common observation its occasional poverty of meaning; the inconsistency of its praise and censure; the falsity in some instances of its critical remarks; and its defects now and then even with respect to composition. It has, however, its merits, and Heaven forbid that I should not be just to them. It gives a right view of the difficulties to be encountered by the editor of Shakspeare; it speaks modestly of himself, and candidly of those who had preceded him in the path which he was treading: it assigns to Pope, Hanmer, and Warburton, those victims to the rage of the minute critics, their due proportion of praise: it is honorably just, in short, to all, who come within the scope of its observations, with the exception of the editor's great author alone. To him also the editor gives abundant praise; but against it he arrays such a frightful host of censure as to command the field; and to leave us to wonder at our admiration of an object so little worthy of it, though he has been followed by the admiration of more than two entire centuries. But Johnson was of a detracting and derogating spirit. He looked at mediocrity with kindness: but of proud superiority he was impatient; and he always seemed pleased to bring down the man of the etherial soul to the mortal of mere clay. His maxim seems evidently to have been that, which was recommended by the Roman poet to his countrymen,—

“Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.”

In the preeminence of intellect, when it was immediately in his view, there was something which excited his spleen; and he exulted in its abasement. In his page, “Shakspeare, in his comic scenes, is seldom successful when he engages his characters in reciprocations

of smartness and contests of sarcasm: their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious. In tragedy, his performance seems to be constantly worse as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are, *for the most part*, striking and energetic: but whenever he solicits his invention or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity! In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, &c. &c. His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, *for his power was the power of Nature!* when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification; and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader?" "But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner moves than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted with sudden frigidity!" The egregious editor and critic then proceeds to confound his author with his last and most serious charge, that of an irreclaimable attachment to the offense of verbal conceit. This charge the editor illustrates and enforces, to excite our attention and to make an irresistible assault on our assent, with a variety of figurative and magnificent allusion. First, "a quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours (a Will o' the wisp) are to travellers: he follows it at all adventures: it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible," &c. It then becomes a partridge or a pheasant; for "whatever be the dignity or the profundity

of his disquisition, &c. &c. let but a quibble *spring up before him* and he leaves his work unfinished." It next is the golden apple of Atalanta:—"A quibble is to Shakspeare the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth;" and, lastly, the meteor, the bird of game, and the golden apple are converted into the renowned queen of Egypt: for "a quibble is to him (Shakspeare) the fatal Cleopatra, for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it!" Shakspeare lost the world! He won it in an age of intellectual giants—the Anakims of mind were then in the land; and in what succeeding period has he lost it? But, not to take advantage of an idle frolic of the editor's imagination, can the things be which he asserts? Can the author, whom he thus degrades, be the man, whom the greater Jonson, of James's reign, hails as, "The pride, the joy, the wonder of the age!" No! it is impossible! and if we come to a close examination of what our preface-writer has here alleged against his author, of which I have transcribed only a part, we shall find that one half of it is false, and one, something very like nonsense, disguised in a garb of tinsel embroidery, and covered, as it moves stately along, with a cloud of words:—

Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dicto,
Per medios, miscetque viris neque cernitur ulli.

To discover the falsity or the inanity of the ideas, which strut in our editor's sentences against the fame of his author, we have only to strip them of the diction which envelopes them; and then, with a Shakspeare in our hands, to confront them, in their nakedness, with the truth as it is manifested in his page. But we have deviated from our straight path to regard our editor as a critic in his preface, when we ought, perhaps, to consider him only in his notes, as a commentator to explain the obscurities; or, as an experimentalist to assay the errors of his author's text. As an unfolders of intri-

cate and perplexed passages, Johnson must be allowed to excel. His explanations are always perspicuous; and his proffered amendments of a corrupt text are sometimes successful. But the expectations of the world had been too highly raised to be satisfied with his performance; and it was only to the most exceptionable part of it, the mighty preface, that they gave their unmingled applause. In the year following the publication of Johnson's edition, in 1766, George Steevens made his first appearance as a commentator on Shakspeare; and he showed himself to be deeply conversant with that antiquarian reading, of which his predecessor had been too ignorant. In 1768, an edition of Shakspeare was given to the public by Capell; a man fondly attached to his author, but much too weak for the weighty task which he undertook. He had devoted a large portion of his life to the collection of his materials: he was an industrious collator, and all the merit, which he possesses, must be derived from the extent and the fidelity of his collations. In 1773 was published an edition of our dramatist by the associated labours of Johnson and Steevens; and this edition, in which were united the native powers of the former, with the activity, the sagacity, and the antiquarian learning of the latter, still forms the standard edition for the publishers of our Poet. In 1790 Malone entered the lists against them as a competitor for the editorial palm. After this publication, Malone seems to have devoted the remaining years of his life to the studies requisite for the illustration of his author, and at his death he bequeathed the voluminous papers, which he had prepared, to his and my friend, James Boswell, the younger son of the biographer of Johnson; and by him these papers were published in twenty octavo volumes, just before the close of his own life. That the fund of Shakspearian information enlarged by this publication, cannot be doubted: that the text of Shakspeare has been improved by it, may confidently be asserted. As my friend Malone, as an annotator on Shakspeare, has already expressed, it would be superfluous to

repeat it. His stores of antiquarian knowledge were at least equal to those of Steevens; but he was not equally endowed by Nature with that popular commentator: Malone's intellect was unquestionably of a subordinate class. He could collect and amass; but he could not combine and arrange. Like a weak soldier under heavy armour, he is oppressed by his means of safety and triumph. He sinks beneath his knowledge, and cannot profitably use it. The weakness of his judgment deprived the result of his industry of its proper effect. He acts on a right principle of criticism: but, ignorant of its right application, he employs it for the purposes of error. He was not, in short, formed of the costly materials of a critic; and no labour, against the inhibition of Nature, could fashion him into a critic. His page is pregnant with information: but it is thrown into so many involutions and tangles, that it is lighter labour to work it out of the original quarry than to select it amid the confusion in which it is thus brought to your hand. If any copy of indisputable authority had been in existence, Malone would have produced a fac-simile of it, and would thus, indeed, have been an admirable editor of his author, for not a preposition, a copulative, a particle, a comma to be found in his original, would have been out of its place in his transcript. But no such authentic copy of Shakspeare could be discovered; and something more than diligence and accuracy was required in his editor: and to nothing more than diligence and accuracy could Malone's very humble and circumscribed abilities aspire. Attaching, therefore, fictitious authority to some of the earlier copies, he followed them with conscientious precision; and, disclaiming all emendatory criticism, he rejoiced in his fidelity to the errors of the first careless or illiterate transcriber. He closed the long file of the editors of Shakspeare. But although no formal editor or commentator has hitherto appeared to supply the place left vacant by Malone, yet does the importance of our hard continue to excite the man of talents to write in his cause, and to refresh the wreath of fame, which has hung for two centuries on his tomb. On this occasion

I must adduce the name of Skottowe, a gentleman who has recently gratified the public with a life of Shakspeare, involving a variety of matter respecting him, in a style eminent for its compression and its neatness. To Mr. Skottowe I must acknowledge my especial obligations, for not infrequently relieving me from the prolixities and the perplexities of Malone; and sometimes for giving to me information in a compendious and lucid form, like a jewel set in the rich simplicity of gold.

When I speak of Malone as the last of the editors of Shakspeare, I speak, of course, with reference to the time at which I am writing, when no later editor has shown himself to the world. But when I am placed before the awful tribunal of the Public, a new Editor of our great dramatist will stand by my side: who, whilst I can be only a suppliant for pardon, may justly be a candidate for praise. With Mr. SINGER, the editor in question, I am personally unacquainted; and till a period, long subsequent to my completion of the little task which I had undertaken, I had not seen a line of his Shakspearian illustrations. But, deeming it right to obtain some knowledge of the Gentleman, who was bound on the same voyage of adventure, in the same vessel with myself, I have since read the far greater part of his commentary on my author; and it would be unjust in me not to say, that I have found much in it to applaud, and very little to censure. Mr. Singer's antiquarian learning is accurate and extensive; his critical sagacity is considerable; and his judgment generally approves itself to be correct. He enters on the field with the strength of a giant; but with the diffidence and the humility of a child. We sometimes wish, indeed, that his humility had been less: for he is apt to defer to inferior men, and to be satisfied with following when he is privileged to lead. His explanations of his author are frequently happy; and sometimes they illustrate a passage, which had been left in unregarded darkness by the commentators who had preceded him. The sole fault of these explanatory notes (if such indeed can

be deemed a fault) is their redundancy; and their recurrence in cases where their aid seems to be unnecessary. Mr. Singer and I may occasionally differ in our opinions respecting the text, which he has adopted: but, in these instances of our dissent, it is fully as probable that I may be wrong as he. I feel, in short, confident, on the whole, that Mr. Singer is now advancing, not to claim (for *to claim* is inconsistent with his modesty) but, to obtain a high place among the editors of Shakspeare; and to have his name enrolled with the names of those who have been the chief benefactors of the reader of our transcendent Poet. .

We have now seen, from the first editorial attempt of Rowe, a whole century excited by the greatness of one man, and sending forth its most ambitious spirits, from the man of genius down to the literary mechanic, to tend on him as the vassals of his royalty, and to illustrate his magnificence to the world. Has this excitement had an adequate cause? or has it been only the frenzy of the times, or a sort of meteorous exhalation from an idle and overexuberant soil? Let us examine our great poet, and dramatist, with the eye of impartial criticism; and then let the result of our examination form the reply to these interrogatories of doubt.

Shakspeare took his stories from any quarter, whence they were offered to him; from Italian novels; from histories; from old story-books; from old plays; and even from old ballads. In one instance, and in one alone, no prototype has been found for his fiction; and the whole of "The Tempest," from its first moving point to the plenitude of its existence, must be admitted to be the offspring of his wonderful imagination*. But whencesoever he drew the first suggestion of his story, or whatever might be its original substance, he soon converts it into an image of ivory and gold, like that of the Minerva of Phidias; and then, beyond the efficacy of the sculptor's art, he breathes into it the breath of life. This, indeed, is spoken only of his tragedies and comedies: for his histories, as they were first

* This, perhaps, may be affirmed also of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

called, or historical dramas, are transcripts from the page of Hall or Hollingshed; and, in some instances, are his workings on old plays, and belong to him no otherwise than as he imparted to them the powerful delineation of character, or enriched them with some exquisite scenes. These pieces, however, which affect not the combination of a fable; but, wrought upon the page of the chronicler or of the elder dramatist, follow the current of events, as it flows on in historic succession, must be made the first subjects of our remarks; and we will then pass to those dramas, which are more properly and strictly his own. To these historical plays, then, whatever may be their original materials, the power of the Poet has communicated irresistible attraction; not, as Samuel Johnson would wish us to believe, "by being not long soft or pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation;" not "by checking and blasting terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, with sudden frigidity," but by the strongest exertions of the highest poetry; and by commanding, with the royalty of genius, every avenue to the human heart. For the truth of what we assert, we will make our appeal to the frantic and soul-piercing lamentations of Constance in "King John;" to the scene between that monarch and Hubert; and between Hubert and young Arthur; to the subsequent scene between Hubert and his murderous sovereign, when the effects of the reported death of Arthur on the populace are described, and the murderer quarrels with his agent: to the scene, finally, in which the king dies, and which concludes the play.

For the evidence of the power of our great Poet we might appeal also to many scenes and descriptions even in "Richard II.;" though of all his historical dramas this, perhaps, is the least instinct with animation, and the least attractive with dramatic interest. Of "Richard II." we may say with Mr. Skottowe, that, "though it is an exquisite poem, it is an indifferent play." But in the drama which, in its historic order, succeeds to it, we receive an ample compensation for any failure of the dramatist in "Richard II." In every page of "Henry

IV.," both the serious and the comic, Shakspeare "is himself again;" and our fancy is either elevated or amused without the interruption of a single discordant or uncharacteristic sentiment. Worcester, indeed, says,

" And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads by raising of a head,"

and is thus guilty of a quibble; an offense of which the Prince, on two occasions, shows himself to be capable; once when he sees Falstaff apparently dead on the field of Shrewsbury; and once when, on his accession to the throne, he appoints his father's Chief Justice to a continuance in his high office; and these, as I believe, are the sole instances of our Poet's dalliance with his Cleopatra, for whose love he was content to lose the world, throughout the whole of the serious parts of this long and admirable drama.

The succeeding play of "Henry V." bears noble testimony to the poetic and the dramatic supremacy of Shakspeare: to the former, more especially in its three fine choruses, one of them serving as the prologue to the play, one opening the third act, and one describing the night preceding the battle of Agincourt: to the latter, in every speech of the King's, and in the far greater part of the remaining dialogue, whether it be comic or tragic. "Henry V.," however, is sullied with some weak and silly scenes; and, on the whole, is certainly inferior in dramatic attraction to its illustrious predecessor. But it is a very fine production, and far—far above the reach of any other English writer, who has been devoted to the service of the stage.

Of "Henry VI.," *that drum and trumpet thing*, as it has happily been called by a man of genius*, who ranged himself with the advocates of Shakspeare, I shall not take any notice on the present occasion, as the three parts of this dramatized history are nothing more than three old plays, corrected by the hand of Shakspeare, and here and there illustrious with the

* The late Mr. Maurice Morgann; who wrote an eloquent essay on the dramatic character of Falstaff.

fire-drops which fell from his pen. Though we consider them, therefore, as possessing much attraction, and as disclosing Shakspeare in their outbreaks of fine writing, and in their strong characteristic portraiture, we shall now pass them by to proceed without delay to their dramatic successor, "Richard III." Of "Richard II.," fine as it occasionally is in poetry, and rich in sentiment and pathos, we have remarked that, with reference to the other productions of its great author, it was low in the scale of merit. In "Richard II." he found an insufficient and an unawakening subject for his genius, and it acted drowsily and as if it were half asleep: but in the third Richard there was abundant excitement for all its powers; and the victim of Tudor malignity and calumny rushes from the scene of our mighty dramatist in all the black efficiency of the demoniac tyrant. Besides Sir Thomas More's history of Richard of Gloster, our Poet had the assistance, as it seems, of a play upon the same subject, which had been popular before he began his career upon the stage. Adhering servilely neither to the historian nor to the old dramatist, Shakspeare contented himself with selecting from each of them such parts as were suited to his purpose; and with the materials thus obtained, compounded with others supplied by his own invention, he has produced a drama, which cannot be read in the closet, or seen in its representation on the stage without the strongest agitation of the mind. The character of Richard is drawn with inimitable effect; and in the minor parts of the execution of the drama, there is nothing among all the creations of poetry more splendid and terrific than the dream of Clarence. But this noble effort of the tragic power is not altogether faultless. Some of its scenes, as not promoting the action of the drama, are superfluous and even tedious; and the violation of history, for the purpose of introducing the deposed queen, Margaret, upon the stage, may reasonably be censured. I am not certain, however, that I should be satisfied to resign her on the requisition of truth. Her curses are thrilling, and their fulfilment is awful. Shakspeare, as

it may be remarked, has accumulated uncommitted crimes on the head of the devoted Richard. By the historian, this monarch is cleared of the deaths of Clarence and of Anne, his wife: to the latter of whom he is said to have approved himself an affectionate husband; whilst the murder of Clarence is imputed to the intrigues of the relations of his sister-in-law, the queen. His hand certainly did not shed the blood of the pious Henry; and even his assassination of the two illegitimate sons of his brother, Edward, is supported by very questionable evidence, for there is reason to think that the eldest of these young princes walked at his uncle's coronation; and that the youngest escaped to meet his death, under the name of Perkin Warbeck, from the hand of the first Tudor. But the scene of Shakspeare has stamp'd deeper and more indelible deformity on the memory of the last sovereign of the house of York, than all the sycophants of the Tudors had been able to impress; or than all that the impartiality, and the acute research of the modern historian have ever had the power to erase. We are certain that Richard possessed a lawful title to the throne which he filled: that he was a wise and patriotic sovereign: that his death was a calamity to his country, which it surrendered to a race of usurpers and tyrants, who trampled on its liberties, and stained its soil with much innocent and rich blood:—to that cold-blooded murderer and extortioner, Henry VII.—to that monster of cruelty and lust, his ferocious son: to the sanguinary and ruthless bigot, Mary: to the despotic and unamiable Elizabeth; the murderess of a suppliant queen, of kindred blood, who had fled to her for protection. Such was the result of Bosworth's field, preceded, as it was on the stage of Shakspeare, by visions of bliss to Richmond, and by visions of terror to Richard. But Shakspeare wrote with all the prejudices of a partizan of the Tudors; and at a time also when it was still expedient to flatter that detestable family.

His next task was one of yet greater difficulty:—to smooth down the rugged features of the eighth Henry,

and to plant a wreath on the brutal and blood-stained brow of the odious father of Elizabeth. This task he has admirably executed, and without offering much violation to the truth of history. He has judiciously limited his scene to that period of the tyrant's reign in which the more disgusting deformities of his character had not yet been revealed—to the death of Catharine, the fall of Wolsey, and the birth of Elizabeth: and the crowned savage appears to us only as the generous, the munificent, the magnanimous monarch, striking down the proud, and supporting with a strong arm the humble and the oppressed. But the whole pathos and power of the scene are devoted to Catharine and Wolsey. On these two characters the dramatist has expended all his force; and our pity is inseparably attached to them to the last moment of their lives. They expire, indeed, bedewed with our tears. Of this, the last of Shakspeare's dramatic histories, it may be remarked that it is written in a style different from that of its predecessors: that it is less interspersed with comic scenes; that in its serious parts its diction is more stately and formal; more elevated and figurative: that its figures are longer and more consistently sustained: that it is more rich in theatric exhibition, or in the spectacle, as Aristotle calls it, and by whom it is regarded as a component part of the drama. To any attentive reader these distinguishing characters of the dramatic history of Henry VIII. must be sufficiently obvious; and we can only wonder that the same mind should produce such fine pieces as those of "Henry IV.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," each written with a pen appropriate to itself, and the last with a pen not employed in any other instance.

If we were to pause in this stage of our progress, we might confidently affirm that we had suggested to the minds of our readers such a mass of poetic and dramatic genius as would be sufficient to excite the general interest of an intellectual and literary people. But we are yet only in the vestibule which opens into the magnificence of the palace, where Shakspeare is seated on the throne of his greatness. The plays, which we have

hitherto been considering, are constructed, for the most part, with materials not his own, supplied either by the ancient chronicler, or by some preceding dramatist; and are wrought up without any reference to that essential portion of a drama, a plot or fable. But when he is disengaged from the incumbrances to which he had submitted in his histories, he assumes the full character of the more perfect dramatist; and discovers that art, for which, equally with the powers of his imagination, he was celebrated by Ben Jonson. In some of his plays, indeed, we acknowledge the looseness with which his fable is combined, and the careless hurry with which he accelerates its close: but in the greater triumphs of his genius, we find the fable artificially planned and solidly constructed. In "The Merchant of Venice," in "Romeo and Juliet," in "Lear," in "Othello," and, above all, in that intellectual wonder, "The Tempest," we may observe the fable managed with the hand of a master, and contributing its effect, with the characters and the dialogue, to amuse, to agitate, or to surprise. In that beautiful pastoral drama, "As You Like It," the sudden disappearance of old Adam from the scene has been a subject of regret to more than one of the commentators: and Samuel Johnson wishes that the dialogue between the hermit, as he calls him, and the usurping duke, the result of which was the conversion of the latter, had not been omitted on the stage. But old Adam had fulfilled the purposes of his dramatic existence, and it was therefore properly closed. He had discovered his honest attachment to his young master, and had experienced his young master's gratitude. He was brought into a place of safety; and his fortunes were now blended with those of the princely exiles of the forest. There was no further part for him to act; and he passed naturally from the stage, no longer the object of our hopes or our fears. On the subject of S. Johnson's wish respecting the dialogue between *the old religious man* and the guilty duke, we may shortly remark, that nothing could have been more undramatic than the intervention of such a scene of dry and didactic

morality, at such a crisis of the drama, when the minds of the audience were heated, and hurrying to its approaching close. Like Felix in the sacred history, the royal criminal might have trembled at the lecture of the holy man: but the audience, probably, would have been irritated or asleep. No! Shakspeare was not so ignorant of his art as to require to be instructed in it by the author of Irene.

But it was in the portraiture of the human mind: in the specific delineation of intellectual and moral man, that the genius of Shakspeare was preeminently conspicuous. The curious inquisition of his eye into the characters, which were passing beneath its glance, cannot be made too much the subject of our admiration and wonder. He saw them not only under their broad distinctions, when they became obvious to the common observer; but he beheld them in their nicer tints and shadings, by which they are diversified, though the tone of their general colouring may be the same.

———"facies non omnibus una;
Nec diversa tamen."

To illustrate what I mean, let us contemplate Portia, Desdemona, Imogen, Rosalind, Beatrice, Cordelia, and Ophelia. They are equally amiable and affectionate women; equally faithful and attached as wives, as friends, as daughters: two of them, also, are noted for the poignancy and sparkle of their wit: and yet can it be said that any one of them can be mistaken for the other; or that a single speech can with propriety be transferred from the lips of her to whom it has been assigned by her dramatic creator? They are all known to us as the children of one family, with a general resemblance, and an individual discrimination. Benedict and Mercutio are both young men of high birth; of known valour; of playful wit, delighting itself in pleasantry and frolic: yet are they not distinguished beyond the possibility of their being confounded? So intimately conversant is our great dramatist with the varieties of human nature, that he scatters character, as a king on his

accession scatters gold, among the populace; and there is not one, perhaps, of his subordinate agents, who has not his peculiar features and a complexion of his own. So mighty is our Poet as a dramatic creator, that characters of the most opposite description are thrown in equal perfection and with equal facility from his hand. The executive decision of Richard; the meditative inefficiency of Hamlet: the melancholy of Jaques, which draws subjects of moral reflexion from every object around him; and the hilarity of Mercutio, which forsakes him not in the very act of dying: the great soul of Macbeth, maddened and bursting under accumulated guilt; and "the unimitated and inimitable Falstaff" (as he is called by S. Johnson, in the single outbreak of enthusiasm extorted from him by the wonders of Shakspeare's page) revelling in the tavern at Eastcheap, or jesting on the field of Shrewsbury, are all the creatures of one plastic intellect, and are absolute and entire in their kind. Malignity and revenge constitute the foundation on which are constructed the two very dissimilar characters of Shylock and Iago. But there is something terrific and even awful in the inexorability of the Jew, whilst there is nothing but meanness in the artifices of the Venetian standard-bearer. They are both men of vigorous and acute understandings: we hate them both; but our hatred of the former is mingled with involuntary respect; of the latter our detestation is made more intensely strong by its association with contempt.

In his representation of madness, Shakspeare must be regarded as inimitably excellent; and the picture of this last degradation of humanity, with nature always for his model, is diversified by him at his pleasure. Even over the wreck of the human mind he throws the variegated robe of character. How different is the genuine insanity of Lear from the assumed insanity of Edgar, with which it is immediately confronted; and how distinct, again, are both of these from the disorder which prevails in the brain of the lost and the tender Ophelia.

In one illustrious effort of his dramatic power, our

Poet has had the confidence to produce two delineations of the same perversion of the human heart, and to present them, at once similar and dissimilar, to the examination of our wondering eyes. In *Timon* and *Ape-mantus* is exhibited the same deformity of misanthropy: but in the former it springs from the corruption of a noble mind, stricken and laid prostrate by the ingratitude of his species: in the latter it is a noisome weed, germinating from a bitter root, and cherished by perverse cultivation into branching malignity. In each of them, as the vice has a different parentage, so has it a diversified aspect.

With such an intimacy with all the fine and subtle workings of Nature in her action on the human heart, it is not wonderful that our great dramatist should possess an absolute controul over the passions; and should be able to unlock the cell of each of them as the impulse of his fancy may direct. When we follow *Macbeth* to the chamber of *Duncan*; when we stand with him by the enchanted caldron; or see him, under the infliction of conscience, glaring at the spectre of the *blood-boltered Banquo* in the possession of the royal chair, horror is by our side, thrilling in our veins and bristling in our hair. When we attend the Danish prince to his midnight conference with the shade of his murdered father, and hear the ineffable accents of the dead, willing, but prohibited, "to tell the secrets of his prison-house," we are appalled, and our faculties are suspended in terror. When we see the faithful and the lovely *Juliet* awaking in the house of darkness and corruption with the corpse of her husband on her bosom: when we behold the innocent *Desdemona* dying by the hand, to which she was the most fondly attached; and charging on herself, with her latest breath, the guilt of her murderer; when we witness the wretchedness of *Lear*, contending with the midnight storm, and strewing his white locks on the blast; or carrying in his withered arms the body of his *Cordelia* murdered in his cause, is it possible that the tear of pity should not start from our eyes and trickle down our cheeks? In the forest of

Arden, as we ramble with its accidental inmates, our spirits are soothed into cheerfulness, and are, occasionally, elevated into gaiety. In the tavern at Eastcheap, with the witty and debauched knight, we meet with "Laughter holding both his sides;" and we surrender ourselves, willingly and delighted, to the inebriation of his influence. We could dwell for a long summer's day amid the fertility of these charming topics; if we were not called from them to a higher region of poetic enjoyment, possessed by the genius of Shakspeare alone; where he reigns sole lord; and where his subjects are the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination. From whatever quarter of the world, eastern or northern, England may have originally derived her elves and her fairies, Shakspeare undoubtedly formed these little beings, as they flutter in his scenes, from an idea of his own; and they came from his hand, beneficent and friendly to man; immortal and invulnerable; of such corporeal minuteness as to lie in the bell of a cowslip; and yet of such power as to disorder the seasons; as

—————" to bedim

The noontide sun; call forth the mutinous winds;
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault,
Set roaring war."

To this little ethereal people our Poet has assigned manners and occupations in perfect consistency with their nature; and has sent them forth, in the richest array of fancy, to gambol before us, to astonish and delight us. They resemble nothing upon earth: but if they could exist with man, they would act and speak as they act and speak, with the inspiration of our Poet, in "The Tempest," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In contrast with his Ariel, "a spirit too delicate," as the servant of a witch, "to act her earthy and abhorr'd commands:" but ready, under the controul of his philosophic master,

"To answer his best pleasure, be it to fly,
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds;"

in contrast with this aërial being, the imagination of Shakspeare has formed a monster, the offspring of a hag and a demon; and has introduced him into the scene with a mind and a character appropriately and strictly his own. As the drama, into which are introduced these two beings, beyond the action of Nature, as it is discoverable on this earth, one of them rising above, and one sinking beneath the level of humanity, may be received as the proudest evidence, which has hitherto been produced, of the extent and vigour of man's imagination; so it bids fair to stand unrivalled amid all the loftiest aspirations of the human mind in the ages which are yet to come. The great Milton's imagination alone can be placed in competition with that of Shakspeare; and even Milton's must yield the palm to that which is displayed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and in the almost divine "Tempest."

But having sported a while with the fairies,

——— "as on the sands with printless feet.
They chase the ebbing Neptune,"

or

————— "in the spiced Indian air,
They dance their ringlets to the whistling wind,"

the mighty Poet turns from their bowers, "overcanopied with luscious woodbine," and plants us on "the blasted heath," trodden by the weird sisters, the Fates of the north; or leads us to the dreadful cave, where they are preparing their infernal caldron, and singing round it the incantations of hell. What a change, from all that is fascinating, to all that is the most appalling to the fancy; and yet each of these scenes is the product of the same astonishing intellect, delighting at one time to lull us on beds of roses, with the spirit of Orpheus, and at another to curdle our blood by throwing at us the viper lock of Alecto. But to show his supreme command of the superhuman world, our royal Poet touches the sepulchre with his magic rod, and the sepulchre opens "its pond'rous and marble jaws," and gives its

dead to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." The belief that the dead, on some awful occasions, were permitted to assume the semblance of those bodies, in which they had walked upon earth; or that the world of spirits was sometimes disclosed to the eye of mortality, has prevailed in every age of mankind, in the most enlightened as well as in the most dark. When philosophy had attained its widest extent of power, and had enlarged and refined the intellect, not only of its parent Greece, but of its pupil Rome, a spectre is recorded to have shaken the firmness of Dion, the scholar and the friend of Plato; and another to have assayed the constancy of the philosophic and the virtuous Brutus. In the superstitious age of our Elizabeth and of her Scottish successor, the belief in the existence of ghosts and apparitions was nearly universal; and when Shakspeare produced upon his stage the shade of the Danish sovereign, there was not, perhaps, a heart, amid the crowded audience, which did not palpitate with fear. But in any age, however little tainted it might be with superstitious credulity, would the ghost of royal Denmark excite an agitating interest, with such awful solemnity is he introduced, so sublimely terrible is his tale of woe, and such are the effects of his appearance on the persons of the drama, who are its immediate witnesses. We catch, indeed, the terrors of Horatio and the young prince; and if the illusion be not so strong as to seize in the first instance on our own minds, it acts on them in its result from theirs. The melancholy, which previously preyed on the spirits of the youthful Hamlet, was certainly heightened into insanity by this ghostly conference; and from this dreadful moment his madness is partly assumed, and partly unaffected. It is certain that no spectre, ever brought upon the stage, can be compared with this phantom, created by the power of Shakspeare. The apparition of the host, in "The Lover's Progress," by Fletcher, is too contemptible to be mentioned on this occasion: the spirit of Almanzor's mother, in "The Conquest of Granada," by Dryden, is not of a higher class; and even the ghost of Darius, in "The Persians,"

of the mighty and sublime *Æschylus*, shrinks into insignificance before this of the murdered Majesty of Denmark. For his success, indeed, in this instance, Shakspeare is greatly indebted to the superior awfulness of his religion; and the use which he has made of the Romish purgatory must be regarded as supremely felicitous. When the imagination of Shakspeare sported without controul amid these creations of its own, it unquestionably lifted him high above any competition. As he plays with the fairies in their bowers of eglantine and woodbine; or directs the operations in the magic cave; or calls the dead from the "cold obstruction" of the tomb, "to make night hideous," he may challenge the poets of every age, from that of Homer to the present, and be fearless of the event. But either from his ignorance of them, which is not easily credible, or from his disregard to them, or rather perhaps from his desire to escape from their yoke, he violates without remorse the dramatic unities of time and place, contenting himself to preserve the unity of action or design, without which, indeed, nothing worthy of the name of composition can exist. And who steps forward, in this instance of his licentious liberty, as the champion of Shakspeare, but that very critic who brings such charges against him as a poet and a dramatist, that, if they were capable of being substantiated, would overturn him from his lofty pedestal; and would prove the object of our homage, during two centuries, to be a little deformed image, which we had with the most silly idolatry mistaken for a god? But Johnson's defense of Shakspeare seems to be as weak as his attack; though in either case the want of power in the warrior is concealed under the glare of his ostentatious arms. It is unquestionable that, since the days of the patrician of Argos, recorded by Horace*, who would sit for hours in the vacant theatre, and give his applause to actors who were not there, no man, unattended by a keeper, ever mistook the wooden and narrow platform of a stage for the fields of Philippi or Agincourt; or the painted canvas, shifting under his

* — *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis, &c. Epis. lib. ii. Ep. ii. l. 128.*

eye, for the palace of the Ptolemies or the Cæsars; or the walk, which had brought him from his own house to the theatre, for a voyage across the Mediterranean to Alexandria; or the men and women, with whom he had probably conversed in the common intercourse of life; for old Romans and Grecians. Such a power of illusion, quite incompatible with any degree of sanity of mind, has never been challenged by any critic, as attached to poetry and the stage; and it is adduced, in his accustomed style of argument, by Johnson, only for the purpose of confounding his adversaries with absurdity, or of baffling them with ridicule. But there is a power of illusion, belonging to genuine poetry, which, without overthrowing the reason, can seise upon the imagination, and make it subservient to its purposes. This is asserted by Horace in that often cited passage:

“ Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet falsis terroribus implet

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis.”

Assisted by the scenery, the dresses of the actors, and their fine adaptation of the voice and countenance to the design of the poet, this illusion becomes so strong as intimately to blend us with the fictitious personages whom we see before us. We know, indeed, that we are seated upon benches, and are spectators only of a poetic fiction: but the power, which mingles us with the agents upon the stage, is of such a nature that we feel, as it were, one interest with them: we resent the injuries which they suffer, we rejoice at the good fortune which betides them: the pulses of our hearts beat in harmony with theirs; and as the tear gushes from their eyes, it swells and overflows in ours. To account for this influence of poetic imitation; for this contagion of represented passion belongs to the metaphysician: the sole business of the critic is to remark and to reason from the fact. It is unquestionable that our imaginations are, to a certain extent, under the controll of authentic poetry, and especially of that poetry which employs the scenic imitation for its instrument. The stream of passion, like a stream of electricity, rushes

from the actor to us, and we are as unable as we are unwilling to resist it. Now it is this feeling, which constitutes the poetic probability of what we see and hear, and which may be violated by an injudicious and lawless shifting of the scene. If our passions be interested by an action passing at a place called Rome, it must shock and chill them to have our attentions hurried suddenly, without any reason for the discontinuance of the action, to a place called Alexandria, separated by the intervention of a thousand miles. Let us suppose, then, that in the fulness of the scenic excitement, a friend at our elbow, with the impassible fibre of a Johnson, were to shake us and to say, "What! are you mad? Know you not where you are? in Drury Lane theatre? within a few hundred yards of your own chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and neither at Rome nor at Alexandria! and perceive you not that the old man whom you see there on his knee, with his hands clenched, and his eyes raised in imprecation to heaven, is our old friend, Garrick, who is reciting with much propriety some verses made by a man, long since in his grave? Yes! Garrick, with whom you conversed not many hours ago; and who, a few hours hence, will be talking with his friends, over a comfortable supper, of the effects of his present mimickry?" If we should be thus addressed (and a sudden shifting of the scene may produce an equal dissipation of the illusion which delights us), should we be thankful to our wise friend for thus informing our understanding by the interruption elings! Should we not rather exclaim with the old man of Horace, when purged by hellebore into

——— "Pot me occidisti——"

— cui sic extorta voluptas

et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."

the illusion of the poetic or dramatic imitation, and as an unquestionable truth in our minds, now turn and consider the dramatic unities in and effect. The unity of action, indeed, altogether from our notice; for, universal to be essentially necessary to the

drama, and constituting what may be called its living principle, it has escaped from violation even by our lawless Poet himself. The drama, as we know, in Greece, derived its origin from the choral odes, which were sung at certain seasons before the altar of Bacchus. To these, in the first instance, was added a dialogue of two persons; and, the number of speakers being subsequently increased, a regular dramatic fable was, at length, constructed, and the dialogue usurped the prime honours of the performance. But the chorus, though degraded, could not be expelled from the scene, which was once entirely its own; and, consecrated by the regard of the people, it was forced upon the acceptance of the dramatist, to act with it in the best manner that he could. It was stationed, therefore, permanently on the stage, and made to occupy its place with the agents who were to conduct the action of the fable. From the circumstance of its being stationary on the stage, it secured the strict observance of the unity of place: for with a stage, which was never vacant, and consequently with only one scene, the Grecian dramatist could not remove his agents whithersoever he pleased, in accommodation to his immediate convenience; but on the spot, where the scene opened, he was constrained to retain them till the action of the drama was closed, and what could not consistently be acted was necessarily consigned to narration. This was a heavy servitude to the dramatist; but it had its compensations in uninterrupted feeling, and in the greater conservation of probability. To the unity of time, as time is more pliant to the imagination than place, the Grecian dramatist seems to have paid little if any regard. In the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, the fire signals have only just announced to Mycenæ the fall of Troy, when the herald arrives with the tidings of the victorious king's approach; who must thus have passed from Phrygia to the Peloponnesus, obstructed also as his passage was by a tempest, with the celerity nearly of a ray of light; and in the *Trachiniæ* of *Sophocles*, a journey of about one hundred and twenty miles is accomplished during the recitation of a hundred verses. The

transgression of the unity of time was not, perhaps, much the subject of the auditor's calculation, or in any degree of his concern. With his mind intent on the still occupied stage and the unchanging scene, he was ready to welcome the occurrence of any new event, or to listen with pleasure to any new narration of facts beyond the stage, without pausing to investigate the poet's due apportionment of time. If the scene had been shifted, the feelings of the spectator would have been outraged by such an infringement of the unity of place. When the arbitrary separation of the drama into acts was accomplished by the Roman dramatists, the observance of the unity of place became more easy, though still it was not to be abandoned. An act constitutes a portion of the action of a drama, at the close of which the stage is vacated and the curtain drops. If, during the act, the scene be shifted, the unity of place is broken, the probability of the dramatic imitation is diminished, and our feelings are certainly offended: but in the interval between act and act, the scene may be removed to any place where it may suit the convenience of the poet to plant it, to Venice or to Cyprus; and any lapse of time may, readily and without absurdity, be imagined to intervene. The action of the drama must necessarily be maintained one and entire, and then, with the scene stationary during the act, all the dramatic unities will be sufficiently, if not rigidly, preserved. As we know nothing of the tragic writers of Rome, all their works having perished, with the exception of those of Seneca, from which not any thing of value can be learned, we cannot decide whether or not they availed themselves of the liberty which they had obtained by this division of their plays into acts; and that their plays were divided into acts, like those of the Roman comic writers, we are assured by Horace when he tells the Pisos—

" Neve minor, neq. sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, &c. *."

But if they did not assert the liberty, which they had

* *De Arte Poetica*, l. 189.

gained by thus breaking the continued representation of the Grecian theatre, they had themselves only to blame; for they certainly possessed the means of effectively preserving all the power of the unities at a very small expense of difficulty and labour. It is for his inattention to the integrity of the scene during the continuance of each single act that I conceive Shakspeare to be principally censurable; and the variety, to which we are instructed to look as the consequence of his lawlessness in this instance, to be an insufficient compensation for the outrage of probability, for the frequent violation of our feelings, and for the vicious example with which he has corrupted the good taste, and has diminished the efficiency of the English stage. A recent commentator, however, has discovered, and he seems to applaud himself on the felicitous discovery, that our great bard has been faithful to one unity of the drama, though he has treated the others with disregard—that he has been faithful to the unity of feeling—to the unity of feeling! What! when he transports us from the revels and the wit of Falstaff to the council chamber of the politic Bolingbroke, to the military array of the young Percy, to the field of Shrewsbury, to the castle of the plaintive Northumberland. The tragedies of Rowe, and the comedies of Congreve may vaunt of their unity of feeling: but that mixt species of drama, in which Shakspeare delights, will admit the praise of any other unity in preference to that of feeling.

If the limits prescribed to me on the present occasion would admit of such a disquisition, I would submit to my readers an analysis of one of our Poet's finest plays, that I might distinctly show how much he has lost by his neglect of the dramatic unities; and how much more effectually he might have wrought for his purpose if he had not disdained or been too idle to solicit their assistance. In two lines of supreme fustian and nonsense, Johnson says of him,

“ Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.”

If he spurn'd the reign of existence, he must have plunged into some illimitable void, if there be such, in the infinity of space; and what is the idea intended to be conveyed by "Panting time toiling after him in vain," I will confess that I do not precisely comprehend. I conclude, however, that of these lines the first refers to the superhuman creatures of the dramatist's invention, to his fairies, his magicians, and his ghosts; and these, indeed, are proud evidences of his imaginative powers; and that the second, in the ludicrous image, which it presents, of old Time, panting and toiling in vain to catch the active and runaway Poet, must allude to the contempt occasionally discovered by our lawless bard for probability and the limitation of time; and this, of which any scribbler may be guilty, is, in truth, the most effective dispraise. But it is more wonderful that Shakspeare, who may be regarded as the father of the English drama, accomplished so much for its perfection, than that he failed to accomplish more.

We have now considered this extraordinary man as the giver of a poetic soul to historic narration, as the framer of a dramatic fable, and excelling equally in the sublime, the pathetic, and the ludicrous; as luxuriating by himself, in a sort of inaccessible glory, in a world of his own imagination; as neglecting the dramatic unities, either from ignorance of their effect, or from an indolent dislike of their restraint. We have made, in short, a cursory survey of his excellencies and his defects. His diction only now remains to be the subject of our attention; and in this subordinate portion of the drama, we shall find him to be as superior to competition as he is in the characteristic and the imaginative. His diction is an instrument, which is admirably adapted to all his purposes. In his tragic strains, it sounds every note of the gamut; and is either sublime or tender, vehement or pathetic, with the passion of which it is the organ: in description it is picturesque, animated and glowing; and every where its numbers are so harmonious, so varied, almost to infinity, in their cadence and their pauses, that they give to the ear a perpetual

feast, in which there is no satiety. As the diction of Shakspeare rises in his higher scenes, without effort or tumour, to the sublime of poetry, so does it fall, in his comic, with facility and grace, into the humility of prose. It has been charged with being harsh and ungrammatical. I believe it to be harsh and unrhythmical (I confine the remark, of course, to the verse portion of it) only when it has been deformed by the perverse industry of tasteless commentators, referring us to incorrect transcriptions for authorities; and to the same cause may be ascribed, as I am satisfied, many if not all of its grosser grammatical errors. It will not, indeed, in every instance, as we are willing to allow, abide the rigid analysis of grammar; for it sometimes impresses the idea forcibly and distinctly on the mind without the aid of regular grammar, and without discovering the means by which the exploit has been achieved. As one example of this power of Shakspeare's diction, among many of a similar nature which might be adduced, we will transcribe the often-cited answer of Claudio to his sister, in "Measure for Measure," respecting the unknown terrors of death. The expressions in italics convey their meaning with great accuracy to the hearer's or the reader's mind; but, if submitted to the philosophical grammarian's examination, they will not easily stand under it; and they may puzzle us to account for their effect in the communication of the poet's ideas.

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where :
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot :
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds;
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world: or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!——'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

This entire passage, terminating at "howling," is deficient in grammatical correctness, for it contains an antecedent not succeeded by a consequent: but is there a reader of taste who would wish it to be any thing but what it is? As for those barbarisms of the double negative and the double comparative, which Malone is studious to recall from the old copies into Shakspeare's text, I have already declared my conviction that they are falsely charged upon Shakspeare. They are not to be found in those effusions of his muse which issued from the press under his own immediate inspection; and they must assuredly be considered as the illiterate errors of an illiterate transcriber.

I could now easily, and the task would be delightful to me, produce examples, from the page of Shakspeare, of all the excellencies which I have attributed to his diction; of its sublimity, its force, its tenderness, its pathos, its picturesque character, its sweet and ever-varying harmony. But I have already very far transgressed the limits prescribed to me in my volume; and I must restrain myself. When, therefore, I have cited, at the close of what I am now writing, the description
 C by Jagues, in "As you Like it," of the seven ages of man, as an evidence of Shakspeare's power to touch the most familiar topics into poetry, as the Phrygian monarch could touch the basest substances into gold, I shall conclude this long and, as I fear, this fatiguing treatise on Shakspeare and his works, by asking if he be not a mighty genius, sufficiently illustrious and commanding to call forth the choice spirits of a learned and intellectual century to assert his greatness, and to march in his triumph to fame?

Yes, Master of the human heart! we own
 Thy sovereign sway; and bow before thy throne:
 Where, richly deck'd with laurels never sere,
 It stands aloft, and baffles Time's career.
 There warbles Poesy her sweetest song.
 There the wild Passions wait, thy vassal throng.
 There Love, there Hate, there Joy in turn presides,
 And rosy Laughter holding both his sides.

At thy command the varied tumult rolls :
 Now Pity melts, now Terror chills our souls.
 Now, as thou wavest thy wizard-rod, are seen
 The Fays and Elves quick glancing o'er the green :
 And, as the moon her perfect orb displays,
 The little people sparkle in her rays.
 There, mid the lightning's blaze, and whirlwind's howl,
 On the scath'd heath the fatal Sisters scowl :
 Or, as hell's caldron bubbles o'er the flame,
 Prepare to do A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

These are thy wonders, Nature's darling birth !
 And Fame exulting bears thy name o'er earth.
 There, where Rome's eagle never stoop'd for blood,
 By hallow'd Ganges and Missouri's flood :
 Where the bright eyelids of the Morn unclose ;
 And where Day's steeds in golden stalls repose ;
 Thy peaceful triumphs spread ; and mock the pride
 Of Pella's Youth, and Julius slaughter-dyed.

In ages far remote, when Albion's state
 Hath touch'd the mortal limit, mark'd by Fate :
 When Arts and Science fly her naked shore :
 And the world's Empress shall be great no more .
 Then Australasia shall thy sway prolong ;
 And her rich cities echo with thy song.
 There myriads still shall laugh, or drop the tear,
 At Falstaff's humour, or the woes of Lear :
 Man, wave-like, following man, thy powers admire ;
 And thou, my SHAKSPEARE, reign till time expire.

C. S.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY,
Aug. 4th, 1825.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

JACQUES. ————— All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits, and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being SEVEN AGES.

At first, the INFANT,



Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining SCHOOL-BOY,



with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school .

And then, the **LOVER**,



Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow . Then, a **SOLDIER** ;



Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth .

And then, the JUSTICE ,



In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part . The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALOOK ;



With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well-saved, a world too wide
For his shrank shank , and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound .

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is SECOND CHILDISHNESS,



and more oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE
COURT OF CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri
Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ
quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of
Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent.
in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do
make and ordain this my last will and testament in
manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my
creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the
only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made par-
taker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth
whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith,
one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money,
to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that
is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her mar-
riage portion within one year after my decease, with
consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound
for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her
after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof,
upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient
security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to
surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall
descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she
now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the

appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is; and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid

and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl), that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemyuge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bishop-ton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said

county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe: and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and

appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me **William Shakspeare.**

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collyns,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whatcott.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF MY BELOVED
MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses:

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
 Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion. And that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue: even so the race

Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned, and true filed lines :
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon ! what a sight it were,
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those slights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volumes' light.

BEN JONSON.



ON

WORTHY MASTER SHAKSPEARE,
 AND HIS POEMS.



A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
 And equal surface can make things appear,
 Distant a thousand years, and represent
 Them in their lively colours, just extent :
 To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
 Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
 Of death and Lethe, where confused lye
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality :
 In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
 A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn
 The physiognomy of shades, and give
 Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live ;
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign
 At second hand, and picture without brain,

Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage, —
 Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their berse,
 Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
 Enhve their pale trunks, that the present age
 Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage:
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
 Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
 Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
 To be abus'd; affected with that truth
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
 At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
 Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
 Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
 —While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon
 Mankind by secret engines; now to move
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
 To strike up and stroak down, both joy and ire;
 To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
 Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves:—

This,—and much more, which cannot be exprest
 But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
 Was Shakspeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
 Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;—
 The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
 And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
 And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
 The silver-voic'd lady, the most fair
 Calliope, she whose speaking silence daunts,
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.

These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;
 Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother;—
 And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
 Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,

And constant blue, rich purple, guileless white,
 The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
 Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
 Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
 Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
 Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
 And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choicest
 Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
 Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
 But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
 Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
 Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,
 And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
 In mortal garments pent,—Death may destroy,
 They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
 And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
 Shakspeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
 Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat;
 In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat:—
 So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

I. M. S.

These admirable verses were first prefixed to the second folio printed in 1632, they are here placed as a noble tribute from a contemporary to the genius of our immortal Poet. Conjecture has been vainly employed upon the initials I. M. S. affixed. I entirely subscribe to Mr. Boaden's opinion that they are from the pen of GEORGE CHAPMAN; the structure of the verse and the phraseology bear marks of his hand, and the vein of poetry such as would do honour to his genius.

S. W. S.

THE PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

Prefixed to the First Folio Edition published in 1623.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

TEMPEST.



Prospero. Obey, and be attentive.
Act i. Sc. 2.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.

Tempest.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

“THE *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (says Warburton) are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense ; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits.”

No one has hitherto discovered the novel on which this play is founded ; yet Collins the poet told Thomas Warton that the plot was taken from the romance of ‘ Aurelio and Isabella,’ which was frequently printed during the sixteenth century, sometimes in three or four languages in the same volume. In the calamitous mental indisposition which visited poor Collins his memory failed him ; and he most probably substituted the name of one novel for another ; the fable of Aurelio and Isabella has no relation to the *Tempest*. Mr. Malone thought that no such tale or romance ever existed ; yet a friend of the late Mr. James Boswell told him that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered Collins’s description ; but his memory, unfortunately, did not enable him to recover it.

My friend, Mr. Douce, in his valuable ‘ *Illustrations of Shakspeare*,’ published in 1807, had suggested that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the account of Sir George Somers’s voyage and shipwreck on the Bermudas in 1609 ; and had pointed out some passages which confirmed his suggestion. At the same time it appears that Mr. Malone was engaged in investigating the relations of this voyage : and he subsequently printed the results of his researches in a pamphlet, which he distributed among his friends ; wherein he shows, that not only the title but many passages in the play were suggested to Shakspeare by the account of the tremendous *Tempest* which, in July, 1609, dispersed the fleet carrying supplies from England to the infant colony of Virginia, and wrecked the vessel in which Sir George Somers and the other principal commanders had sailed, on one of the Bermuda Islands.

Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in

May, 1609, on board the *Sea Venture*, which was called *the Admiral's Ship*; and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. Two of them were wrecked, in their way home, on the point of Ushant; the others returned safely to England, ship after ship, in 1610, bringing the news of the supposed loss of the Admiral's ship and her crew. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September. The Council of Virginia published a narrative of the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape. Previously however to its appearance, one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet entitled "*A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Divels*; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others:" in which he relates the circumstances of the storm. "They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in 30° N. latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters, *and to take leave of each other*, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length descried land, and encouraged them (*many from weariness having fallen asleep*) to continue at the pumps. They complied, and fortunately the ship was driven and *jammed between two rocks*, fast lodged and locked for further budging." One hundred and fifty persons got on shore; and by means of their boat and skiff (for this was half a mile from land) they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were NEVER INHABITED by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and INCHANTED PLACE, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their

wils, they have, by stormes and dangerounesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwracke. Yet did we finde there THE AYRE SO TEMPERATE and the COUNTRY SO ABUNDANTLY FRUITFULL of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victuall being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there:—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath beene, and is still, accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and [most] pleasing land (the quantity and bignesse thereof considered), and merely naturall, as ever man set foote upon."

The publication set forth by the Council of Virginia, entitled, "A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colony of Virginia, &c. 1610," relates the same facts and events in better language, and Shakspeare probably derived his first thought of working these adventures up into a dramatic form from an allusion to the drama in this piece.

"These islands of the Bermudas," says this narrative, "have ever been accounted as an INCHAUNTED pile of rocks, and a DESERT INHABITATION FOR DIVELLS; but all the FAIRIES of the rocks were but flocks of birdes, and all the divels that haunted the woods were but heards of swine."—What is there in all this TRAGICALL COMÆDIE that should discourage us?

The covert allusions to several circumstances in the various narrations of this Voyage have been illustrated with great ingenuity by Mr. Malone; and many of them will no doubt have already struck the reader, but we must content ourselves with a reference to his more detailed account.

The plot of this play is very simple, independent of the magic; and Mr. Malone has pointed out two sources from whence he thinks Shakspeare derived suggestions for it. The one is a play by Robert Green, entitled "The Comical History of Alphonsus King of Arragon;" the other is the Sixth Metrical Tale of George Turberville¹, formed on the fourth novel of the fourth day of the Decamerone of Boccaccio, to which he is probably indebted for the hint of the marriage of Claribel. The magic of the piece is unquestionably the creation of the great bard himself, suggested

¹ Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians, &c. 8vo. 1587.

no doubt by the popular notions respecting the Bermudas. Mr. Malone confesses that the hints furnished by Green are so slight as not to detract from the merit of Shakspeare, and I have therefore not thought it necessary to follow him in his analysis. The late Dr. Vincent, the highly respected Dean of Westminster, pointed out a passage in Magellan's Voyage to the South Pole, which is to be found in "Eden's History of Travails," printed in 1577, that may have furnished the first idea of Caliban, and as it is curious in itself, I shall venture to transcribe it. "Departing from hence," says Eden, "they sayled to the 49 degre and a halfe under the pole antarctike, where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes, all which tyme they saw no man except that one day by chance they espyed a man of the stature of a gyant, who came to the haven *dancing and singing*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore with the shippe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thynge the giant seeing, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servant, to his presence, into a little islande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amuzed, and made signes, *holding up his hands to heaven*, signifying thereby *that our men came from thence*. This giant was so byg that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporation and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but for the most parte yelow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The beere of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowed together. This beast (as seemed unto us) had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a cammell and tayle of a horse. The feet of the gyant were folded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hande a bygge and shorte bowe, the sleyng whereof was made of a sinewe of that beaste. He had also a bundle of long arrowes made of reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typte with sharpe stones, in the stead of iron heades. The captayne caused him to eate and drinke, and gave him many thinges, and among other a great looking glasse, in the which as soon as he sawe his owne likeness, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with suche violence, that he overthrewe two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, with also a looking glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed. Shortly after, they sawe another gyant of somewhat greater stature with his bowe and arrowes in his hande. As he drew nearer unto our men hee laide his hande on his head, and pointed up towards heaven, and our men did the lyke. The

captayne sent his shippe boate to bring him to a little islande, beyng in the haven. This giant was very tractable and pleasant. He *soong and daunsed*, and in his daunsing left the print of his feete on the ground. After other xv dayes were past, there came foure other giauntes without any weapons, but had hid their bowes and arrowes in certaine bushes. The captayne retained two of these, which were youngest and best made. He tooke them by a deceite, in this manner; that giving them knyves, sheares, looking-glasses, belles, beades of chrystall, and such other trifles, he so fylled their handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two paire of shackels of iron to be putt on their legges, making signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they liked very well because they were made of bright and shining metall. And whereas they could not carry them bycause theyr hands were full, the other giants would have carryed them, but the captayne would not suffer them. When they felt the shackels fast about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne did put them in comfort and bade them stand stille. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr GREAT DEVILL SETEBOS, to help them. They say that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xi devils *leaping and daunsing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies paynted with divers colours, and that among other there is one scene bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth with rejoycing. This great devyll they call *Setebos*, and call the lesse *Cheleule*. One of these gigantes which they tooke declared by signes that he had seen devylls with two hornes above theyr heades, with *long heare downe to theyr feete*, and that they caste forth fyre at theyr throates both *before and behind*. The captayne named these people *Patagoni*. The moste parte of them weare the skynnes of such beastes whereof I have spoken before. They lyve of raw fleshe, and a certaine sweete roote which they call *capar*."

Caliban, as was long since observed by Dr. Farmer, is merely the metathesis of Cannibal: Of the Cannibals a long account is given by Eden, *ubi supra*.

"The Tempest," says the judicious Schlegel, "has little action and progressive movement: the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is fixed at their first meeting, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and of Caliban and his drunken companions against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, as we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty, by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, the discovery, and final reconciliation. Yet this want is so admirably

concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the denouement is, in some measure, already contained in the exposition. The history of the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful—an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and, on the other, of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air, the impression of the black falsehood of the two usurpers is mitigated by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo, Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban, and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

“Caliban has become a bye-word, as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero’s education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations, and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar, he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks too in verse². He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, merely serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and notwith-

² Schlegel is not quite correct in asserting that Caliban “*always speaks in verse*.” Mr. Steevens, it is true, endeavoured to give a *metrical form* to some of his speeches, which were evidently intended for prose, and they are therefore in the present edition so printed. Shakspeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short prose speeches in the midst of blank verse.

standing its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

“ In the zephyrlike Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an’ allusion to it ; on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find, in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, in the *Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs ; which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself ³.”

It seems probable that this play was written in 1611 : at all events between the years 1609 and 1614. It appears from the MSS. of Vertue that the *Tempest* was acted, by John Heminge and the rest of the King’s Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.

³ Lectures on Dramatic Literature by Aug. Will. Schlegel, translated by John Black, 1815. Vol. ii. p. 178.

PERSONS REPRESENTED*.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *the honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, } *Lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship ; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

* From the Folio Edition of 1623.

TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely¹, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men².

¹ That is, readily, nimbly.

² That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*: “*To play the man*, or to show himself a valiant man in any matter. *Se virum præbere.*” P. 399.

“*Viceroyes and peers of Turkey play the men.*”

Tamberlaine, 1590.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present³, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course⁴. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

³ The *present instant*.

⁴ In Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a Ship in a Storme*:—"Let us lie as *Trie with our main course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. 'A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd⁵ wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses⁶; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely⁷ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

⁵ Mr. Stevens says *incontinent*, but the meaning is evident. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

————— Down, you dog, then;

Be quiet and be *staunch* too, no *inundations*.

⁶ The *courses* are the main sail and fore sail. To *lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land and get her out to sea.

⁷ *Merely*, absolutely, entirely; *Merè*, Lat.

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
 Though every drop of water swear against it,
 And gape at wid'st to glut⁸ him.
 [*A confused Noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split,
 we split!—Farewell my wife and children!—Fare-
 well, brother!—We split, we split, we split.—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
 sea for an acre of barren ground; long⁹ heath,
 brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done!
 but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er¹
 It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
 The freighting² souls within her.

⁸ To englut, to swallow him.

⁹ Instead of—*long* heath, *brown* furze, &c. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads —*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze, &c. and I have no doubt rightly.

¹ i. e. or ever, ere ever, signifying, in modern English, *sooner than at any time*. Or is a contraction of *ere*, *æp*, Sax. *prins*, *antequam*, *prinsquam*, *ever*, from *æpne*, *aliquando*, *unquam*.

² Instead of *freighting* the first folio reads *fraughting*.

Pro. Be collected :
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day !

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better³
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle⁴ with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So :
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art⁵.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down ;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

³ The double superlative is in frequent use among our elder writers.

⁴ To *meddle*, is to *mix*, or *interfere* with.

⁵ Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say “ Lie there, Lord Treasurer.”—*Fuller's Holy State*, p. 257.

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou can'st ; for then thou wast not
Out⁶ three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda : But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm⁷ of time ?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess ;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

⁶ *Out* is used for *entirely, quite*. Thus in Act iv : " And be a boy right out."

⁷ *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss* ; from its French original *abisme*.

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen⁸ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash⁹ for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key

⁸ *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

⁹ *To trash* means to check the pace or progress of any one. The term is said to be still in use among sportsmen in the North, and signifies to correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game; or *overtopping* or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trashes* are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his overspeed.

Todd has given four instances from Hammond's works of the word in this sense. "Clog and *trash*"—"encumber and *trash*"—"to *trash* or overslow"—and "foreslowed and *trashed*."

There was another word of the same kind used in Falconry (from whence Shakspeare very frequently draws his similes); "*Trassing* is when a hawk raises aloft any fowl, and soaring with it, at length descends therewith to the ground."—*Dictionarium Rusticum*, 1704.

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent¹⁰, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie¹¹,—he did believe

Probably this term is used by Chapman in his address to the reader prefixed to his translation of Homer.

"That whosoever muse dares use her wing,
When his muse flies she will be *trass't* by his,
And show as if a Bernacle should spring
Beneath an Eagle."

There is also a passage in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, wherein Caratach says:

"I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there, he *trasht* me, Nennius."

i. e. checked or stopped my flight.

I rather think it will be found that the Editors have been very precipitate in changing *trass* to *trash* in *Othello*, Act ii. Scene i. See note on that passage.

¹⁰ Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.*

¹¹ "Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it."

He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but¹² nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu¹³ o' the premises,—

¹² Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, has clearly shown that we use one word, *But*, in modern English, for two words *Bōt* and *Būt*, originally (in the Anglo Saxon) very different in signification, though (by repeated abbreviation and corruption) approaching in sound. *Bōt* is the imperative of the A.S. *Botan* to *boot*. *Būt* is the imperative of the A.S. *Be-utan*, to *be out*. By this means all the seemingly anomalous uses of *But* may be explained; I must however content myself with referring the reader to the *Diversions of Purley*, vol. i. p. 190. Merely remarking that *BUT* (as distinguished from *Bot*) and *BE-OUT* have exactly the same meaning, viz. in modern English, *WITHOUT*.

¹³ In *lieu* of the premises; that is, “in consideration of the

Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint¹⁴,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit¹⁵ it; there they hoist us,

premises,—&c." This seems to us a strange use of this French
word, yet it was not then unusual.

"But takes their oaths in lieu of her assistance."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophetess.

¹⁴ *Hint* is here for *cause* or *subject*. Thus in a future passage
we have: "Our hint of woe."

¹⁵ *Quit* was commonly used for *quitted*.

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O ! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd ¹⁶ the sea with drops full salt ;
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach ¹⁷, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Now I arise :—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

¹⁶ To *deck*, or *deg*, is still used in the northern counties for to *sprinkle*.

¹⁷ An *undergoing stomach* is a *stubborn resolution*, a *temper* or *frame of mind* to bear.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
 you, sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
 By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes,
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.—
 [MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
 Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds¹⁸: to thy strong bidding, task
 Ariel, and all his quality¹⁹.

¹⁸ This is imitated in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*;

“ ——— tell me, sweetest,
 What new service now is meetest
 For the satyre; shall I stray
 In the middle air, and stay
 The sailing racke, or nimbly take
 Hold by the moon, and gently make
 Suit to the pale queen of night,
 For a beame to give thee light?
 Shall I dive into the sea,
 And bring thee coral, making way
 Through the rising waves, &c.”

¹⁹ Ariel's *quality* is not his confederates, but the *powers of his nature* as a spirit, his *qualification in sprighting*.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point²⁰ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak²¹,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil²²
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad²³, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

²⁰ i. e. to the minutest article, literally from the French *à point*, so in the Chances,

“ — are you all fit?
To point, Sir.”

²¹ The *beak* was a strong pointed body at the head of ancient galleys, it is used here for the forecastle or boltsprit. The *waist* is the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

²² *Coil* is *bustle, tumult*.

²³ That is such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes²⁴, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote²⁵,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

²⁴ The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*. Setebos, the God of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshiped by the giants of Patagonia.

²⁵ i. e. waves, or the sea. *Flora, Sax. Flot, Fr.*

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou must give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep;—
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier²⁶.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,

²⁶ The old English name of Algiers.

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests²⁷, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

²⁷ *Behests, commands.*

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea ;
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine ; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't : go hence, with diligence.
[*Exit ARIEL.*

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : Come on ;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss²⁸ him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say ; there's other business
for thee :
Come forth, thou tortoise ! when²⁹ ?

²⁸ i.e. we cannot *do without* him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.

²⁹ This is a common expression of impatience. Vide note on King Richard II. Act i. Scene 1.

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint³⁰ Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins³¹
Shall, for that vast³² of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

³⁰ *Quaint* here means brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *cointe*.

³¹ *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*, and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. Shakspeare again mentions these fairy beings in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies green and white."
In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy still remains.

³² That *vast* of night is that *space* of night. So, in *Hamlet*—

"In the dead *waist* and middle of the night," *nox vasta*, midnight, when all things are quiet and still, making the world appear one great uninhabited waste. In the *pneumatology* of ancient times visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety and nature of their agency.

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

**Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.**

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid³³ you,
For learning me your language!

23 Destroy.

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches³⁴; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.
It would control my dam's god, Setebos³⁵,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[Exit CALIBAN.

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist³⁶)*

³⁴ The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable here and in two passages of *Timon of Athens*. The reader will remember the senseless clamour that was raised against Kemble for his adherence to the text of Shakspeare in thus pronouncing it as the measure requires. '*Ake*,' says Baret in his *Alvearie*, "is the verb of this substantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k." And that *ache* was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h* is placed beyond doubt by the passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries Heigh ho, and she answers for an *h*. i. e. *ache*. See the Epigram of Heywood adduced in illustration of that passage. This orthography and pronunciation continued even to the times of Butler and Swift. It would be easy to produce numerous instances.

The giants when they found themselves fettered roared like and cried upon Setebos to help them."—*Eden's Hist. of*
2, 1577. p. 434.
ll, silent.

*Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

Hark, hark !

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark :

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this musick be ? i' the air, or
the earth ?

It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters ;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

[*Burden, ding-dong.*

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes³⁷ :—I hear it now above me.

³⁷ i. e. *owns*. To owe was to possess or appertain to, in ancient language.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see. [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here; My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid³⁸, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

³⁸ The folio of 1685 reads *made*, and many of the modern editors have laboured to persuade themselves that it was the true

It has been justly observed by M. Mason that the is "whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple one, which requires no comment, or one which the ingenious commentators has but imperfectly supported."

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control³⁹ thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong⁴⁰: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

³⁹ To *control* here signifies to *confute*, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of *control* was to *check* or exhibit a *contrary account*, from the old French *contre-roller*.

⁴⁰ "—— you have done yourself some wrong:" that is *spoken a falsehood*. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"This is not well, master Ford, this *wrongs you*."

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[*To FERD.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful⁴¹.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

⁴¹ *Fearful* was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable*, *terrible*, *dreadful*, like the French *épouvantable*; as may be seen by consulting Catgrave or any of our old Dictionaries. Shakspeare almost always uses it in this sense. In *K. Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. vii. "wily and a fearful head they are." He has also *fearful* bravery; &c. &c. The verb to *fear* is most used for to *fright*, to *terrify*, to *make afraid*. Mr. Gifford, "as a proof how little our old dramatists were at the Restoration, that Dryden censures Jonson for use of this word, the sense of which he altogether

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To FERD.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[*To FERD. and MIRA.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : our hint¹ of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant², and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor³ will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One :——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer——

Seb.

A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,——

¹ See note 14, p. 20.

² It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now
a *merchant-man*.

He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one
visits the sick to give advice and consolation.

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance⁴.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush⁵ and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

⁴ Temperance is here used for *temperature*, or *temperateness*.

⁵ *Lush* is *luxuriant*, in like manner *luscious* is used in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woodbine.”

Seb. With an eye⁶ of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp⁷.

⁶ That is, with a *shade* or *small portion* of green.

“Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple.”—*Boyle*.

⁷ Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort⁸.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran.

Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

⁸ That is, in a manner or degree.

As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss ;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African ;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd⁹, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever ; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest¹⁰ of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather ?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do ?

Seb. 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.

⁹ i. e. Deliberated, was in suspense.

¹⁰ See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things : for no kind of traffick ¹¹
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too ; but innocent and pure :
No sovereignty :—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine ¹²,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison ¹³, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age ¹⁴.

Seb. 'Save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir ?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more : thou dost talk nothing
to me.

¹¹ See Montaigne's *Essays* translated by John Florio, fol. 1603, Chap. "Of the Caniballes."

¹² An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakspeare's age.

¹³ *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth. In a subsequent scene we have—

"Earth's increase, and foison plenty."

¹⁴ See Montaigne as cited before.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing¹⁵.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

¹⁵ Warburton remarks that "all this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian Treatises of Government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er¹⁶.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

¹⁶ Antonio apparently means to say, "You must be more serious than you usually are, if you would pay attention to my proposals; which attention, if you bestow it, will in the end make you *thrice what you are.*"

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs thee.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it¹⁷! Ebbing man, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond¹⁸,

¹⁷ Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. "It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages the design which I hint at, how, in stripping it of words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

¹⁸ i.e. The utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther.

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb.

He's gone.

Ant.

Then tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb.

Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note¹⁹, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In your's and my discharge²⁰.

Seb.

What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant.

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate

¹⁹ The commentators have treated this as a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's ignorance of Geography, but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis is not so immeasurable; the intercourse in early times between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not so frequent as to make it popularly considered less than a formidable voyage; Shakspeare may however be countenanced in his poetical exaggeration, when we remember that Æschylus has placed the river Eridanus in Spain; and that Apollonius Rhodius describes the Rhone and the Po as meeting in one and discharging themselves into the Gulf of Venice.

²⁰ What is past is the prologue to events which are to come; that depends on what you and I are to perform.

As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough²¹ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion²², as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

²¹ A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

²² *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The sense here is that they will adopt and bear witness to any tale that may be dictated to them.

Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Musick. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his projects die²³, to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

²³ The old copies read "For else his *project dies*." By the transposition of a letter this passage, which has much puzzled the editors, is rendered more intelligible.—"—to keep them living," relates to *projects*, and not to *Alonzo and Gonzalo*, as Steevens and Johnson erroneously supposed.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake; sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done: [Aside.

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that *moe*¹ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

¹ To *moe* is to make mouths. "To make a *moe* like an ape.
Distorquere os. Rictum deducere."—*Baret.*

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way; and mount
Their pricks² at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard³ that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of
silver: there would this monster make a man⁴; any
strange beast there makes a man: when they will
not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a
man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth!
I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer;
this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suf-

² *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

³ A *bumbard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

⁴ i. e. *make a man's fortune*. Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—

“ We are all *made men*.”

And in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*—

“ She's a wench
Was born to *make us all*.”

fered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine⁵; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his hand.

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatwain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?

⁵ A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips. It is from the low Latin *Galvardina*, whence the French *Galvardin* and *Gaban*. One would almost think Shakspeare had been acquainted with the following passage in Chapman's version of the fourth Book of the *Odyassey*—

"——— The sea calves savour was
So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)
It much afflicted us, for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales."

Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore⁶, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much⁷ for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—

⁶ No impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.

⁷ Any sum, ever so much, an ironical expression implying that he would get as much as he could for him.

But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,—— Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon⁸.

Trin. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege⁹ of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's¹⁰ gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

⁸ Shakspeare gives his characters appropriate language, "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will make a cat speak," and "he who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon." The last is again used in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

⁹ *Siege* for *stool*, and in the dirtiest sense of the word.

¹⁰ The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven¹¹!

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon¹², when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow

¹¹ The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven*.

¹² The reader may consult a curious note on this passage in Mr. Douce's very interesting *Illustrations of Shakspeare*; where it is observed that Dante makes *Cain* the *man in the moon* with his bundle of sticks; or in other words describes the moon by the periphrasis "*Caino e le spine*."

monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries:

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells¹³ from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

¹³ A smaller species of scagulls.

Cal. *Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell.*

[Sings drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish ;*

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish ;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom,
hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful ; and ¹ their
labour

Delight in them sets off ² : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress

¹ Pope changed *and* to *but* here, without authority ; we must read *and* in the sense of *and yet*.

² *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.*—Hor. Sat. ii. l. 2.
So, in Macbeth : “ The labour we delight in physicks pain.”

Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such base-
ness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you : My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And your's it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night³. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name ?

³ " Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen." — Tibull. lib. iv. el. 13.

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest⁴ to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd⁵,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best⁶.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer

⁴ See Note 27, p. 26.

⁵ See Note 37, p. 31.

⁶ In the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, a lover says of his mistress:

“She is herself of *best things the collection*.”

In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else⁷ i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of⁸.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow⁹

⁷ What else, for whatsoever else.

⁸ Stevens observes justly that this is one of those touches of nature which distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. There is a kindred thought in *Romeo and Juliet*—

“Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Young tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.”

⁹ i. e. your companion. Malone has cited a very apposite passage from Catullus; but, as Mr. Douce remarks, Shakspeare had more probably the pathetic old poem of *The Nut Brown Maid* in his recollection.

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a Bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if the other two be brained like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty

leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou deboshed¹ fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

¹ *Deboshed*, this is the old orthography of *Debauched*; following and of the French original. In altering the spelling we parted from the proper pronunciation of the word.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied² ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes³ are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

² He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's party-coloured dress, he was a licensed fool or jester.

³ *Quick freshes* are *living springs*.

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand⁴ with thy knife: Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rootedly as I: Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!)

⁴ *Wezand*, i. e. throat or windpipe.

and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and
flout 'em,
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body⁵.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard⁶?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

⁵ The picture of No-body was a common sign. There is also a wood cut prefixed to an old play of No-body and Some-body which represents this notable person.

⁶ *To affear*, is an obsolete verb with the same meaning as *to affray*, or *make afraid*.

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
 I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
 I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
 story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
 and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
 could see this taborer⁷: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
 ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin¹, I can go no further, sir;
 My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
 Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

⁷ "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of tabers and other instruments, to put the travellers in feare, &c. by evill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the travellers by their names, &c."—*Travels of Marcus Paulus*, by John Framp-ton, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes

"—— calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
 And aery tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

¹ *By'r LAKIN* is a contraction of *By our LADYKIN*, the diminutive of our lady.

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
 Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
 Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night:
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
 As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery²: Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne³; one phoenix
 At this hour reigning there.

² Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery," is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

³ "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes⁴, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse⁵,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing⁶.
[*Aside.*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek *φοινίξ*), for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe."—*Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

⁴ Certainly.

⁵ Wonder.

⁶ "Praise in departing," is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find,

Each putter-out on five for one⁷, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint
device, the Banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowl⁸ that's in my plume; my fellow ministers

⁷ "Each putter-out on five for one," i. e. each traveller; it appears to have been the custom to place out a sum of money upon going abroad to be returned with enormous interest if the party returned safe; a kind of insurance of a gambling nature.

⁸ Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather or rather the single particles of the down. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets young *dowle* by *Lanugo*. And in a History of most Manual Arts, 1661, *wool* and *dowl* are treated as synonymous. Tooke contends that this word and others of the same form are nothing more than the past participle of *deal*; and

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted; But, remember,
 (For that's my business to you), that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,
 Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Lingering perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
 (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear⁹ life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then, to soft musick, enter
 the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,
 and carry out the table.*

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
 thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life¹⁰,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

Junius and Skinner both derive it from the same. I fully believe that Tooke is right, the provincial word *dool* is a portion of unploughed land left in a field, Coles, in his English Dictionary, 1701, has given *dowl* as a cant word, and interprets it *deal*. I must refer the reader to the Diversions of Purley for further proof.

⁹ A clear life; is a pure, blameless, life.

¹⁰ With good life, i. e. with the full bent and energy of mind. Hey says that the expression is still in use in the west of

In their distractions: they now are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd),
 And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEB. and ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after¹¹,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy¹²
 May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

¹¹ The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.

¹² Shakspeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. Minsheu's definition of this word will serve to explain its meaning wherever it occurs throughout the following pages. "Extasie or trance; *G.* extase; *Lat.* extasis, abstractio mentis. Est proprie mentis emotio, et quasi ex statione sua deturbatio, seu furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decidat."—*Guide to the Tongues*, 1617.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere¹ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot¹ before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

¹ The same expression occurs in *Pericles*. Mr. Henley says that it is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity before marriage.

² *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion³
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
 What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity⁴ of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
 And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so*;
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mowe:
 Do you love me, master? no.

³ Suggestion here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

⁴ "Some *vanity* of mine art" is some *illusion*. Thus in a passage, quoted by Warton, in his *Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum*, from EMARE, a Metrical Romance:

"The Emperor said on high
 Sertes thys is a fayry
 Or ellys a *vanite*."

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary⁵,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft musick.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover⁶, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lillied brims⁷,
Which spungy April at thy best betrimms,

⁵ That is, bring more than are sufficient. "Corollary the addition or vantage above measure, an overplus, or surplusage."—*Blount.*

⁶ *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and the like. *estovers* is the old law term, it is from *estouvier*, old French.

⁷ The old editions read *PIONED* and *TWILLED* brims. In Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*, by Geo. Chapman, 1595, we meet with

"— Cuplike twill-pants strew'd in Bacchus bowers,"

if *twill* be the name of any flower, the old reading may stand. Mr. Henley strongly contends for the old reading, and explains *pioned* to mean faced up with mire in the manner that ditchers trim the banks of ditches: *twilled* he derives from the French verb *touriller*, which Cotgrave interprets filthily to mix, to mingle, found, or shuffle together." He objects to *peonied* and *lillied* as these flowers never blow in April. But Mr. Boaden has ed out a passage in Lord Bacon's *Essay on Gardens* which sets the reading in the text. "In April follow the double

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
 groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn⁸; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers⁹:
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky¹⁰ acres, and my unshrub'd down.

white violet, the wall flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lillies of all natures; rose-mary flowers, the tulippe, the double piony, &c." Lyte, in his Herbal, says one kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin peonie*. And Pliny mentions the water-lilly as a preserver of chastity, B. xxvi. C. 10. Edward Fenton, in his "Secret Wonders of Nature," 1569, 4to. B. vi. asserts that "the water-lilly mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreams of venery." The passage certainly gains by the reading of Mr. Steevens, which I have, for these reasons, retained.

⁸ That is, *forsaken by his lass*.

⁹ Mr. Donce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's Virgil *Æneid*, Lib. iv.

" Dame rainbow down therefore with saffron wings of dropping
 showres,

Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
 From heaven descending came."

¹⁰ *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ' since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her son
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again :
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison¹¹ plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly¹²: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd¹³ father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on
employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp¹⁴ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

¹¹ *Foison* is abundance, particularly of harvest corn.

¹² For charmingly harmonious.

¹³ "So rare a wonder'd father," is a father able to produce such wonders.

¹⁴ *Crisp* channels; i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act i. Sc. 3.

"— Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end of which PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision¹⁵,

¹⁵ In the tragedy of *Darius*, by Lord Sterline, printed in 1603, is the following passage:

“ Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruised soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air.”

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded ¹⁶,
 Leave not a rack ¹⁷ behind: We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira.

We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
 Ariel, come.

The preceding stanza also contains evidence of the same train of thought with Shakspeare.

“And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
 Then what avails the adoring of a name?
 A meer *illusion made to mock the sight*,
 Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.”

It is evident that one poet imitated the other, and it seems probable that Shakspeare was the imitator. The exact period at which the *Tempest* was produced is not known, but it is thought not earlier than 1611. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. Lord Sterline also wrote a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*, in which there are parallel passages to some in Shakspeare's play on the same subject, and Malone thinks the coincidences more than accidental.

¹⁶ *Faded*, i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *vado*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Warton's *Hist. of Poetry*, ii. 199, 202, *Fabian*, ii. 382, and above all Mr. Gifford's *Ben Jonson passim*.

¹⁷ A *vapour* an *exhalation*. See Mr. Horne Tooke's admirable observation on this passage in the *Diversions of Purley*, Vol. ii. p. 388, 4to. ed.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet¹⁸ with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these var-
lets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale¹⁹ to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

¹⁸ To counteract, to play stratagem against stratagem.

"—— You may meet

With her abusive malice, and exempt
Yourself from the suspicion of revenge."

Cynthia's Revenge, 1613.

¹⁹ *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture²⁰ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO; all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the
Jack²¹ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

²⁰ Nurture is Education, in our old language.

²¹ To play the Jack, was to play the Knave.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: for I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer²²! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery²³:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone²⁴,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove
a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excel-
lent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime²⁵ upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

²² This is a humorous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen
was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in *Othello*

²³ A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*. FR.

²⁴ The old copy reads—"Let's alone."

²⁵ Bird-lime.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles ²⁶, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear
this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard ²⁷. *Enter divers Spirits
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROS-
PERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard ²⁸, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

²⁶ The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *lepas anatifera*, which ancient credulity believed to produce the barnacle-geese. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second Satire of his fourth Book—

“That Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
That of a worm doth wax a winged goose.”

Gerrard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391, gives a full description of it; and the worthy Dr. Bullein treats those as ignorant and incredulous who do not believe in the transformation.—*Bulwarke of Defence*, 1562. Caliban's Barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-geese.

²⁷ See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Note on v. 6441.

²⁸ Pard, i. e. Leopard.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove which weather-fends¹ your cell:
They cannot budge, till your release². The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works
them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch³, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,

¹ *Defends it from the weather.*

² *i. e. Until you release them.*

³ *A sensation.*

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves⁴;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though you be⁵) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd and let them forth;
By my so potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd

⁴ This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid; the expressions are, many of them in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakspeare's own.

⁵ That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves. Your employments are of the trivial nature before mentioned.

Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull⁶! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood,
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse⁷ and nature; who with Sebastian
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)

⁶ So in *Mids. Night's Dream*—

“Lovers' and madmen have such seething brains.”

⁷ Remorse is pity, tenderness of heart; nature is natural affection.

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire*
PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough*⁸.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

⁸ This was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's Tasso, B. iv. St. 18.—

“The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
And under every trembling leaf they sit.”

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r⁹ thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties¹⁰ o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

⁹ Whether.

¹⁰ *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since¹¹
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe¹² for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable¹³
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,

¹¹ The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation. Mr. Steevens thinks that Shakspeare purposely designed to show the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity.

¹² I am sorry for it.

¹³ Bearable.

That they devour their reason; and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
 My dukedom, since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FER-
 DINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle¹⁴,
 And I would call it fair play.

¹⁴ Mr. Pye says, I conceive Shakspeare, who was no nice
 weigher of words, meant wrangling to be equivalent with playing
 false, or with unfair advantage. So in Henry V. the king, in
 allusion to the tennis balls, directs the ambassadors to tell the
 dauphin—

"He hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of France shall be disturb'd
 With chases."

Mr. Pye's explanation is correct, but his deduction that Shak-
 speare was "no nice weigher of words" is totally false. Shakspeare's
 words are always the most expressive and most appropriate. To
 wrangle, in the language of his time, was to *hast* or *overthwart*;
 to run back and yet not cease to contend.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

[*FER. kneels to ALON.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gon.

Or should have spoke ere this
And on this couple drop a
For it is you, that have cho
Which brought us hither !

Alon.

Gon. Was Milan thrust
Should become kings of N
Beyond a common joy : a
With gold on lasting pillar
Did Claribel her husband
And Ferdinand, her brot
Where he himself was los
In a poor isle ; and all of
When no man was his ow

Alon.

Let grief and sorrow still
That doth not wish you

Gon.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with
amazed*

O look, sir, look, sir ; I
I prophesied, if a gallo
This fellow could not
That swear'st grace o'e
Hast thou no mouth to

Bonty. The best con
Our king, and coun
Which, but three g
Is tight and yare¹⁰
We first put out to

Ari. Sir, all this service }
Have I done since I went. } [*Aside.*

Pro. My tricksy¹⁷ spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? }

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } [*Aside.*
be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct¹⁸ of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on¹⁹
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

¹⁷ *Neat, adroit.* Florio interprets "Pargoletta; quaint, pretty, nimble, *trixie*, tender, small." When we remember the tiny dimensions of Ariel, who could lie in the bell of a cowslip, the epithet, like all those of the great poet, will be found peculiarly appropriate.

¹⁸ *Conductor.*

¹⁹ There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import, "Still *hammering* at it."

(Which to you shall seem probable²⁰) of every
 These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*]

Set Caliban and his companions free:
 Untie the spell. [*Erit ARIEL.*] How fares my gra-
 cious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
 and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
 man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
 Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
 head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
 How fine my master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
 What things are these, my lord Antonio!
 Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 Then say, if they be true²¹:—This mis-shapen knave,
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command, without her power²²:
 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil

²⁰ This parenthetical passage seems to mean.—“When I have
 laid to you, then these strange events shall seem more pro-
 p than they do now.”

Honest.

That is, work the same effects as the moon without her de-
 cted authority.

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them²³?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

²³ The allusion is to the *elixir* of the Alchemists. The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*. Fletcher uses it in the Chances:—

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Wh. A little *gilded* o'er, sir; old sack, old boys.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away : the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle : And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge ; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !—[*Aside.*] Please you,
draw near.

[*Exeunt,*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands¹,
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

¹ By your *applause*. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.
Thus before in this play:—

“—— Hush! be mute;
Or else our *spell is marr'd*.”

It is observed of THE TEMPEST, that its plan is regular ; this the author of THE REVISAL thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



Valentine. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.

ACT IV. SC. 1.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS is one of Shakspeare's earliest if not his first play. It was not printed until 1623, but it is mentioned by Meres in his *Wits' Treasury*, printed in 1598. It bears strong internal marks of an early composition. Pope has observed, that "the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of Shakspeare's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote." Malone is inclined to consider this to be in consequence of that very circumstance, and that it is natural and unaffected because it was a youthful performance. "Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, written when he was an established and long practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years, in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction, in these and some other plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth."

Hammer thought Shakspeare had no other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines, which, he thinks, are easily distinguished from the rest. Upton peremptorily asserts, "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." "How otherwise," says he, "do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?" To this Johnson replies very satisfactorily. "I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when a painter copies his own picture, so if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal

certainly, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and, if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater."

"But by the internal marks of composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineation of life; but it abounds in *γνωμαί* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription."

Pope has set what he calls a mark of reprobation upon the low and trifling conceits which are to be found in this play. It is true that the familiar scenes abound with quibbles and conceits; but the poet must not be condemned for adopting a mode of writing admired by his contemporaries; they were not considered low and trifling in Shakspeare's age, but on the contrary were very generally admired and allowed for pure and genuine wit. Yet some of these scenes have much farcical drollery and invention: that of Launce with his dog in the fourth act is an instance, and surely "Speed's mode of proving his master to be in love is neither deficient in wit or sense."

"The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression." Schlegel says: "it is as if the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love." Julia may be considered a light sketch of the lovely characters of Viola and Imogen. Her answer to Lucetta's advice against following her lover in disguise has been pointed out as a beautiful and highly poetical passage.

"That it should ever have been a question whether this comedy were the genuine and entire composition of Shakspeare appears to me very extraordinary," says Malone. "Hanmer and Upton never seem to have considered whether it were his first or

one of his latest pieces :—is no allowance to be made for the first flights of a young poet? nothing for the imitation of a preceding celebrated dramatist*, which in some of the lower dialogues of this comedy (and these only) may, I think, be traced? But even these, as well as the other parts of the play, are perfectly Shakspearian (I do not say as finished and beautiful as any of his other pieces); and the same judgment must, I conceive, be pronounced concerning the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour's Lost, by every person who is intimately acquainted with his manner of writing and thinking."

Sir William Blackstone observes, "that one of the great faults of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the *dénouement*, which shows that it was one of Shakspeare's very early performances." Dr. Johnson in his concluding observations has remarked upon the geographical errors. They cannot be defended by attributing them to his youthful inexperience, for one of his latest productions is also liable to the same objection. To which Malone replies: "The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise which doubtless he had read; so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child at the beginning of a play, who in the fourth act appears as a woman, so he seems to have set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime just as it suited his fancy or convenience."

Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from The Arcadia, book 1. ch. vi. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. The Arcadia was entered on the Stationers' books in 1588. The love adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in Twelfth Night, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.

Mrs. Lennox informs us, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in "The Diana" of Montemayor. This pastoral romance was translated from the Spanish in Shakspeare's time, by Bartholomew Young, and published in 1598. It does not appear that it was previously published, though it was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson, perhaps some parts of it may have been made public, or Shakspeare may have found the tale elsewhere. It has before been observed that Meres mentions the Two Gentlemen of Verona in his book, published in 1598. Malone conjectures that this play was the first that Shakspeare wrote, and places the date of its composition in the year 1591.

* Malone points at Lilly, whose comedies were performed with great success and admiration previous to Shakspeare's commencement of his dramatic career.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonia.*

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *Waitingwoman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in VERONA ; sometimes in MILAN ;
and on the frontiers of MANTUA.*

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits¹:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness².
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

¹ Milton has the same play upon words in his *Comus*.

"It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence."

² The expression *shapeless idleness* is admirably expressive, as implying that idleness prevents the giving form or character to the manners.

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont³.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots⁴.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance⁵, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

³ The allusion is to Marlowe's poem of Hero and Leander; which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1593, though not published till 1598. It was probably circulated in manuscript in the interim, as was the custom at that period. The poem seems to have made an impression on Shakspeare, who appears to have recently perused it, for he again alludes to it in the third act. And in *As You Like It* he has quoted a line from it.

⁴ A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, 'Don't make a laughing-stock of me.' The French have a phrase *Bailler foin en corne*: which Cotgrave interprets, 'To give one the boots; to sell him a bargain.' Perhaps deduced from a humorous punishment at harvest home feasts in Warwickshire.

⁵ *Circumstance* is used equivocally. It here means *conduct*; the preceding line, circumstantial deduction.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say ; As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
To⁶ Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell !

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

⁶ The construction of this passage is, " Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan," i. e. addressed to Milan.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have played the sheep⁷, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear! gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton^B; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

⁷ In Warwickshire, and some other counties, a *sheep* is pronounced a *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.

^B Cotgrave explains *laced mutton*, une garce, putain, fille de
It was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in
nwell, much frequented by loose women, is said to have been
called Mutton Lane.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod⁹.

[*SPEED nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir? I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

⁹ These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows. In Speed's answer, the old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwise the conceit would be unintelligible. *Noddy* was a game at cards.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief:
What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the
matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What
said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from
her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from
her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your
letter: And being so hard to me that brought your
mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling
your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's
as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy
pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you
have testern'd¹⁰ me; in requital whereof, henceforth
carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll com-
mend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁰ *Testens*, or (as we now commonly call them, *testers*), from a
head that was upon them, were coined in 1542. Sir H. Spelman
says they were a French coin of the value of 18d.; and he does not
know but that they might have gone for as much in England. They
were afterward reduced to 12d., 9d., and finally, to *sixpence*.

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle¹ encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his
name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure² thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

¹ *Parle* is talk.

² To *censure*, in Shakspeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act. ii. Sc. 1 :

“ ————— How blest am I
In my just *censure*? in my true opinion?”

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire³, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker⁴!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you⁵ be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminatè. (*Exit.*)

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

³ *Fire* is here pronounced as a dissyllable.

⁴ A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress.

⁵ First folio, *ye*.

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were:

That you might kill your stomach⁶ on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set⁷.

⁶ *Stomach*, for passion or obstinacy.

⁷ *Set* is here used equivocally; in the preceding speech in the sense in which it is used by musicians, and in the present line in a quite different sense. To *set by* in old language signifies, to make account of, to estimate. See the First Book of Samuel, xviii. 30.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant⁸:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁹ for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil¹⁰ with protestation!

[*Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,

⁸ *Descant* signified formerly what we now call *variations*. It has been well defined to be musical paraphrase. The *mean* is the tenor in music.

⁹ To *bid the base* means, to run fast, challenging another to pursue at the rustic game called Base, or Prisonbase. The allusion is somewhat obscure, but it appears to mean here, "to challenge to an encounter."

¹⁰ i. e. bustle, stir.

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia* ;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus* ;—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia ;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith¹¹ so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for¹² catching cold.

¹¹ Since.

¹² “for catching cold,” i. e. lest they should catch cold, anciently a common form of expression. See Horne Tooke's explanation of this word in the first volume of “The Diversions of Purley.”

Jul. I see you have a month's mind¹³ to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad¹ talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment² to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

¹³ MONTH'S MIND, a *longing*, probably from "the longing of women, which takes place (or commences, at least) in the first month of pregnancy." This is the ingenious conjecture of John Croft, Esq. of York. The commentators have endeavoured to refer this passage to the *month's minds*, or periodical celebrations in memory of dead persons, usual in times of popery;—but the phrase in this place can have no relation to them.

¹ i. e. grave or serious.

² *Impeachment* in this passage means *reproach* or *imputation*.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him³.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart:
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,

³ i. e. break the matter to him.

To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish;
Muse⁴ not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition⁵ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PANT.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;

⁴ i. e. wonder not.

⁵ *Exhibition* is allowance of money; it is still used in the Universities for a stipend.

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :
 I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth⁶
 The uncertain glory of an April day ;
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;
 And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
 but one¹.

Val. Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :—
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !
 Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

⁶ *Resembleth* is pronounced as if written *resembeleth*, which makes it a quadrisyllable.

¹ *On* and *one* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content: to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet²; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hollowmas³. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

² To take diet is to be under a regimen for a disease.

³ The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish a *souling*, as they call it;

⁴ = *heaving and puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary - *puling*), for soul cakes, and singing what they call the song. These terms point out the condition of this bene-which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of r's departed friends.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered⁴!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set⁵, so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion⁶! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

⁴ Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love. "Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unhanded," &c. *As You Like It*, III. 2.

⁵ SET, for seated, in opposition to stand in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon in the west. Its miserable quibble hardly worth explanation.

Motion signified, in Shakspeare's time, a puppet-show. Speed is to say, what a fine puppet-show shall we have now? Here is principal puppet to whom my master will be the interpreter. The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly⁷ done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;— And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

⁷ i. e. like a scholar.

But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Erit SILVIA.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
 steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
 write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have
the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a
figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you
to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you
perceive her earnest?

She gave me none, except an angry word.

Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end⁸.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
discover,*

*Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto
her lover.*

All this I speak in print⁹; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

⁸ There's the conclusion.

⁹ i. e. with exactness.

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming : answer not :
The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should ;

[*Exit JULIA.*

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word !
Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind¹ of the Launces have this very fault ; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it : This shoe is my father :—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it

¹ Kind, is kindred.

is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog;—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood² woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man 'ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

² Crazy, wild, distracted.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: And the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad¹.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply² I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

¹ i. e. you are *serious*.

² i. e. perhaps.

Thu. And how quote³ you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

³ To *quote* is to mark, to observe, the old pronunciation was evidently *cote* from the French original.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature⁴, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

⁴ *Feature* in the poet's age was often used for form or person in general. Thus Baret: "The *feature* and *facion*, or the proportion and figure of the whole body. *Conformatio quædam et figura totius oris et corporis.*" So in *Ant. and Cleop.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

"Report the *feature* of Octavian."

Thus also Spenser:

"Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

Duke. Beshrew⁵ me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite⁶ him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners
still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

⁵ A petty mode of adjuration equivalent to *ill betide me*.

⁶ *Cite*, for incite.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak
with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you
came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much
commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your
love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now :
I have done penance for contemning love ;
Whose high imperious⁷ thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe⁸ to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on⁹ earth !
Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality⁹,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

⁷ i. e. *imperial*. Thus in Hamlet :

“ *Imperious* Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay.”

⁸ *No woe*, no misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.

⁹ *A principality is an angel of the first order.*

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road¹⁰, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

¹⁰ i. e. the haven where the ships lie at anchor.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire¹¹,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice¹²,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture¹³ I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled¹⁴ my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

¹¹ Alluding to the figures made by witches as representatives of those they meant to destroy or torment. *V. Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

¹² i. e. on further knowledge, on better consideration.

¹³ Proteus means to say, that as yet he had only seen outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

¹⁴ *Dazzled* is used as a trisyllable.

SCENE V. *The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou¹, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,

¹ i. e. what say'st thou to this circumstance.

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting¹ love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; For Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor²:

¹ To *suggest*, in the language of our ancestors, was to *tempt*.

² i. e. myself who am his *competitor* or *rival*, being admitted to his counsel. *Competitor* here means confederate, assistant, partner. Thus in *Ant. Cleop.* Act v. Sc. 1.

That thou my brother, my *competitor*
In top of all design, my *mate* in empire,
Friend and *companion* in the front of war.

Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended³ flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
 And, e'en in kind love, I do cònjure thee¹,—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly charáctér'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
 food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

³ i. e. *proposed* or *intended* flight. The verb *prétendre* has the same signification in French.

¹ The verb to *cònjure*, or earnestly request, was then accented on the first syllable.

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire
But qualify the fire's² extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st³ it up, the more it burns
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil⁴,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make you
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord

¹ Fire as a dissyllable, as if spelt *Fier*.

² i. e. closest.

⁴ Trouble.

“What compass will you wear your farthingale?”

Why, even what fashion thou best lik’st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece⁵,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill favour’d.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov’st me, let me have
What thou think’st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz’d.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who’s displeas’d, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas’d withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite⁶ of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus’ birth:

⁵ Whoever wishes to be acquainted with that singular appendage to dress a *cod-piece*, may consult “*Bulwer’s Artificial Changeling*.” Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt’s in the Tower. However offensive this language may appear to modern ears, it certainly gave none to any of the spectators in Shakspeare’s days. He only used the ordinary language of his contemporaries.

⁶ The second folio reads—“*as infinite of love*,” Malone wished to read *of the infinite of love*, because he found “*the infinite of thought*” in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The text seems to me sufficiently intelligible, though we are not used to such construction. Malone has cited an instance of *infinite* used for *an infinity* from Lord Lonsdale’s *Memoirs*, written in 1688.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing⁷ journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarrance. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Milan. *An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.— —

[Exit THURIO.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

⁷ By her *longing journey*, Julia means a journey which she
all pass in longing.

Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim¹ might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested²,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,

¹ i. e. *guess*. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have—

“ I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.”

² i. e. *tempted*. Vide Note on Act ii. Sc. 5, p. 136.

His words are bonds, his paths are overlaid.

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And thus way comes he with it presently:
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence³.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

fitting such a wife as your fair daughter:

Will it not please your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,

and, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers.
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her:
 And, where ' I thought the remnant of mine age
 Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
 I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in:
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
 Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
 (For long ago I have forgot to court:
 Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd);
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-
 tents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you:
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
 For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, &
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol thee
 Though ne'er so black, say, they have
 That men that

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets^s, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

^s i. e. hinders.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
— Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd
them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for⁶ they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!*

*'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merop's son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee,
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.*

[Exit DUKE.]

*Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;*

⁶ i. e. cause.

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection⁷,
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom⁸;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find; there's not a hair⁹
on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

⁷ And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Animum pictura pascit inani. Virgil.

⁸ i. e. by flying, or in flying. It is a Gallicism.

⁹ Launce is still quibbling, he is running down the hare he started when he first entered.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the news :
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

Laun. I will try thee : Tell me this ; Who begot thee ?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather¹⁵.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come : try me in thy paper.

Laun. There : and saint Nicholas¹⁶ be thy speed !

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,— Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so ?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock¹⁷.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue ; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues ;

¹⁵ It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. Launce infers that if Speed could read, he must have read this well known observation.

¹⁶ *St. Nicholas* presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas' clerks* ; either because the legend makes this saint to have been a bishop while yet a boy, or from his having restored three young scholars to life. By a quibble between *Nicholas* and *Old Nick* highwaymen are called *Nicholas' clerks* in *Henry IV. part 1.* The *parish clerks* of London finding that *scholars*, more usually termed *clerks*, were under the patronage of this saint, conceived that *clerks* of any kind might have the same right, and accordingly took him as their patron, much in the same way as the woolcombers did *St. Blaise*, who was martyred with an instrument like a carding comb, the nailmakers *St. Clow* ; and the booksellers *St. John Port Latin.*

¹⁷ i. e. *stocking.*

that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth*¹⁸.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal*¹⁹.

¹⁸ Speed uses the term *a sweet mouth* in the sense of *a sweet tooth*; but Launce chooses to understand it in the literal and laudatory sense. Cotgrave renders "*Friand, A sweet-lips, daintie-mouthed, sweet-toothed,*" &c.

¹⁹ *Liberal* is *licentious, free, frank*, beyond honesty or decency. Thus in *Othello*, Desdemona says of Iago: "is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor."

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit*²⁰, *and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit.*—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt²¹, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. *And more faults than hairs.*—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious²²: Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

²⁰ This was an old familiar proverb, of which Steevens has given many examples. I will add one from Florio. "A tisty-tosty wag feather, *more haire than wit.*"

²¹ The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.

²² *Gracious* was sometimes used for *favoured, countenanced*, like the Italian *Gratiato*, v. As you Like It. Act i. Sc. 2.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched¹ in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

¹ i. e. cut, carved; from the Fr. *trancher*.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance², be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very³ friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

² i. e. with the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief.

³ Very, that is, true; from the Lat. *verus*. Massinger calls one of his plays "A Very Woman."

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me⁴:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime⁵, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes,
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity⁶:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

⁴ As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A bottom is the housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body.

⁵ i. e. *birdlime*.

⁶ i. e. sincerity, such as would be manifested by such impassioned writing. Malone suspects that a line following this has been lost.

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort⁷: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump⁸; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her⁹.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort¹⁰ some gentlemen well skill'd in musick :
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper :
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ The old copy has *consort*, which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified " a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert*, as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word. It is true that Shakspeare frequently refers to words not expressed, but implied in the former part of a sentence. But the reference here is to *consort*, as appears by the subsequent words, " to *their* instruments."

⁸ A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

⁹ To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *to obtain possession of*, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. Milton in *Comus* has *disinherit* Chaos, meaning only to *dispossess it*.

¹⁰ To SORT, to *choose out*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest, near Mantua.**Enter certain Out-laws.***1 Out.** Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.**2 Out.** If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.***3 Out.** Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.**Val.** My friends,—**1 Out.** That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.**2 Out.** Peace ; we'll hear him.**3 Out.** Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper¹ man.**Val.** Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity :
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.**2 Out.** Whither travel you ?**Val.** To Verona.**1 Out.** Whence came you ?**Val.** From Milan.**3 Out.** Have you long sojourned there ?**Val.** Some sixteen months ; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?**Val.** I was.

¹ A *proper* man, was a comely, tall, or well proportioned man.
Uomo di bel taglio.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar²,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful³ men:
Myself was from Verona banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood⁴, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report

² Friar Tuck, one of the associates of Robin Hood.

³ Awful men, men full of awe and respect for the laws of society, and the duties of life.

⁴ Mood is anger or resentment.

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality⁵ much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

⁵ i. e. Condition, profession, occupation, v. Hamlet, Act ii.
Sc. 2.

When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips¹,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick. *[Musick plays.]*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

¹ *Sudden quips, hasty, passionate reproaches.*

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

*The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

*To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing,

*Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were
before?

How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have
a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one
thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,
he loved her out of all nick².

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a pre-
sent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THU. and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

² i. e. Out of all reckoning or count, reckonings were kept upon
nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. *[Aside.*

Sil. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd : And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. *[Aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
ceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. *[Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it :
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[Excunt PROTEUS ; and SILVIA from above.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom³, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest⁴. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose¹,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for I swear, I do not),
Valiant, wise, remorseful², well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;

³ *Halidom* (says Minshew), an old word, used by old country-women by manner of swearing, of the Saxon word *haligdome* ex *halig*, i. e. *sanctum*; and *dome*, *dominum* and *judicium*.

⁴ The double superlative is very often used by the writers of Shakspeare's time.

¹ *Impose* is *injunction*, *command*; a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still called an *imposition*.

² i. e. *pitiful*.

Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity³.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances⁴;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking⁵ as little what betideth me,

³ It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. Besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction may have been made in respect of male votarists; this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be dressed; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.

⁴ In Shakspeare's time *griefs* frequently signified grievances; and the present instance shows that in return *grievance* was sometimes used in the sense of *grief*.

⁵ *To reckon* is *to care for*. So in Hamlet: "And *reck*s not his own read."

As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep¹ himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says ther; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him*

¹ i. e. restrain.

up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson
peasant! [To LAUNCE.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end² turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt;
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour:
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, behke.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

² *Still an end, and most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean perpetually, generally. See *Gifford's Massinger*, iv. 282.

"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of Term-time! I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings still an end."
The Ordinary.

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary :

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?

Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertained

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good-will :

And now am I (unhappy messenger ?)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;

To carry that which I would have refus'd ;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love ;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him : but yet so coldly,

As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvise'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me ;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good³,
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning⁴
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

³ i. e. *in good earnest*, tout de bon.

⁴ To *passion* was used as a verb formerly.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
 Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig^a.
 Her eyes are grey as glass^b ; and so are mine :
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high^c.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective^d in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
 And, were there sense in this idolatry,
 My substance should be statue^e in thy stead.

^a False hair was worn by the ladies long before wigs were in fashion. So, in 'Northward Hoe,' 1607, "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen of periwig making. Perwicks are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earliest poems. And Barnabe Rich, in 'The Honestie of this Age,' 1615, has a philippic against this folly.

^b By grey eyes were meant what we now call blue eyes. Grey, when applied to the eyes is rendered by Coles, in his Dictionary, 1679, *Ceruleus, glaucus*.

^c A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in *The Tempest*, shows that low foreheads were in disesteem.

—— with foreheads villanous low.

^d *Respective*, i. e. *considerative, regardful*, v. *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. Sc. 1.

^e The word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait*, and sometimes a *statue* was called a *picture*. Stowe says (speaking of Elizabeth's funeral), that when the people beheld "her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." Thus in the 'City Madam,' by Massinger, Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters may take leave of their lovers' *statues*, though he had previously described them as *pictures*, which they evidently were.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths¹.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your
peace. [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe² them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease³.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

¹ Mr. Boswell thought that this line should be given to Julia, as well as a subsequent one, and that they were meant to be spoken aside. They are exactly in the style of her other sarcastic speeches; and Proteus, who is playing on Thurio's credulity, would hardly represent him as an object of *loathing* to Silvia.

² i. e. possess them, *own them*.

³ By Thurio's *possessions* he himself understands his lands. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments*: and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means, that they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another. *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish⁴ girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless⁵ Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

⁴ *Peevish* in ancient language signified *foolish*.

⁵ i. e. *careless, heedless*.

SCENE III. *Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valernus follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record¹ my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

¹ To *record*, anciently signified to *sing*. It is still used by bird fanciers to express the first essays of a bird to sing; and is evidently derived from the *recorder* or pipe with which they were formerly taught.

And leave no memory of what it was²!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

² “ O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.”

It is hardly possible (says Steevens) to point out four lines in Shakspeare more remarkable for ease and elegance than the preceding.

O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender³ to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjúr'd Proteus:
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd⁴,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now⁵, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love,
(For such is a friend now), treacherous man!

³ i. e. as dear.

⁴ approv'd is confirm'd by proof.

⁵ The word now was supplied in the folio of 1632.

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is
the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect,
was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy!

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I
gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook; this
is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim⁶ to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root??
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the
sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close?
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

⁶ Steevens confounded the phrases of *to cry aim* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 2) and *to give aim*, both terms in archery. He who gave aim appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt. We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for distinguishing the terms.—Vide *Massinger*, vol. ii. p. 27. Julia means to say that she was the *mark* that gave direction to his vows

⁷ i. e. of her heart, the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee⁸. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means⁹ for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

⁸ “*Verona* shall not *hold* thee,” is the reading of the only authentic copy. Theobald proposed the reading, “*Milan* shall not *behold* thee,” which has been adopted by all subsequent editors, but there is no authority for the change. If the reading is erroneous Shakspeare must be held accountable for this as well as some other errors in his early productions.

⁹ “*To make such means* for her,” to make such *interest* for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and
thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include¹⁰ all jars
With triumphs¹¹, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁰ *Include* is here used for *conclude*. This is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. "*includo*, to include, to shut in, to close in."—Cooper.

¹¹ *Triumphs* are pageants, such as masks and shows.

IN this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *TITUS ANDRONICUS*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This however is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless says to her:

I was mad once, when I loved *pictures*;
For what are shape and colours else, but *pictures*?

M. MASON.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



Ford. Bless you, sir :

Falstaff. And you, sir : Would you speak with me ?

ACT II. SC. 2.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1926.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

A FEW of the incidents of this Comedy might have been taken from an old translation of *Il Pecorone di Giovanni Fiorentino*. The same story is to be met with in 'The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers, 1632.' A somewhat similar one occurs in the *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola. Notte iv. Favola iv.*

The adventures of Falstaff seem to have been taken from the story of the lovers of Pisa in 'Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie,' *bl. l. no date*, but entered on the Stationers' books in 1590. The fishwife's tale, in 'Westward for Smelts,' a book from which Shakspeare borrowed part of the fable of Cymbeline, probably led him to lay the Scene at Windsor.

Mr. Malone thinks that the following line in the earliest edition of this comedy, 'Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores,' shows that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

The first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor was printed in 1602, and it was probably written in 1601, after the two parts of King Henry IV. being, as it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth¹, in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all

¹ This story seems to have been first mentioned by Dennis in the Dedication to his alteration of this play, under the title of 'The Comical Gallant.' 'This Comedy,' says he, 'was written at Queen Elizabeth's command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation.' The information probably came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir W. Davenant, had opportunities of learning many particulars concerning Shakspeare.

the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted.

It may not be thought so clear that it was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in that play, yet appear in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff is disgraced in King Henry IV. Part ii. and dies in King Henry V. Yet in the Merry Wives of Windsor he talks as if he was still in favour at court. "If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed," &c.: and Page discountenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter, *because he kept company with the wild Prince and with Poins*. These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the first and second parts of King Henry IV. But that it was not written then may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. The truth, probably is, that though it ought to be read (as Dr. Johnson observed), between the second part of Henry IV. and Henry V. it was written after King Henry V. and after Shakspeare had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited; Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Page: and disposed of them as he found it convenient without a strict regard to their situations or catastrophes in former plays.

Mr. Malone thinks that The Merry Wives of Windsor was revised and enlarged by the author after its first production. The old edition, in 1602, like that of Romeo and Juliet, he says, is apparently a rough draught and not a mutilated or imperfect copy². The precise time when the alterations and additions were made has not been ascertained: some passages in the enlarged copy may assist conjecture on the subject, but nothing decisive can be concluded from such evidence.

This comedy was not printed in its present form till 1623, when it was published with the rest of Shakspeare's plays in folio. The imperfect copy of 1602 was again printed in 1619.

The bustle and variety of the incidents, the rich assemblage of characters, and the skilful conduct of the plot of this delightful comedy, are unrivalled in any drama ancient or modern.

² Mr. Boaden thinks that the chasms which occur in the story of the drama in this old copy afford evidence that it was imperfectly taken down during the representation.

Falstaff, the inimitable Falstaff, here again ‘lards the lean earth’—‘a butt and a wit, a humourist, and a man of humour, a touchstone and a laughing-stock, a jester and a jest—the most perfect comic character that ever was exhibited.’ The jealous Ford, the uxorious Page, and their two joyous wives are admirably drawn.—Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius no less so, and the duel scene between them irresistibly comic. The swaggering jolly Boniface mine host of the Garter; and last, though not least, Master Slender and his cousin Shallow, are such a group as were never yet equalled by the pen or pencil of genius.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*

MR. FORD, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
MR. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*

DR. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *Followers of Falstaff.*
NYM, }

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with Fenton.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR¹
HUGH EVANS.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*².

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; *
in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done³ any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have

¹ *Sir*, was a title formerly applied to priests and curates generally. *Dominus* being the academical title of a Bachelor (bas chevalier) of Arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English, and as most clerical persons had taken that degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*.

² A corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. It seems doubtful whether Shakespeare designed Shallow to make this mistake, for though he gives him folly enough, he makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. Unless we suppose, with Mr. Malone, that it might have been intended to ridicule the abbreviations used in writs, &c.

³ i. e. all the Shallows have done.

* *armigero* - esquire. Authorized
bear arms; a coat of arms

done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat⁴.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pe'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council⁵ shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments⁶ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and

⁴ It seems that the latter part of this speech should be given to Sir Hugh. Shallow has just before said the coat is an old one; and now, that it is 'the luce, the fresh fish.' No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too—'the salt fish is an old coat.' Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him for a misdemeanor in his youth, and whom he now ridiculed under the character of Justice Shallow.

⁵ The Court of Star-chamber is meant.

⁶ Adviseement.

end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small⁷ like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slen-

⁷ Soft.

der; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love^b you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale^c.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

^b First folio. *I thank.* The reading in the text is from the 4to. 1619.

^c The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM,
and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts¹⁰! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching¹¹ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese¹²!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus¹³?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*¹⁴; slice! that's my humour.

¹⁰ Worts was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

¹¹ A common name for cheats and sharpers in the time of Elizabeth. 'By a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens and conie grounds.'—*Minshew's Dict.*

¹² Said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601. "Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury Cheese*, nothing but paring."

¹³ The name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Faustus: to whom there is another allusion Act ii. Sc 2. It was a cant phrase, probably for an ugly fellow.

¹⁴ Few words.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol, ——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards¹⁵, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo¹⁶:
Word of denial in thy labras¹⁷ here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

¹⁵ Mill sixpences were used as counters; and King Edward's shillings used in the game of shuffle-board.

¹⁶ *Latten*, from the Fr. *Laiton*, Brass. *Bilbo*, from Bilbao in Spain where fine sword blades were made. Pistol therefore calls Slender a weak blade of base metal, as one of brass would be.

¹⁷ *Lips*.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry, trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's¹⁸ humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being *fap*¹⁹, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires²⁰.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, *with wine*; MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE *following*.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit ANNE PAGE.*

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

¹⁸ Metaphorically a bailiff or constable, who hooks or seizes debtors or malefactors with a staff or otherwise. The meaning apparently is, 'if you try to bring me to justice.'

¹⁹ *Fap* was evidently a cant term for *Foolish*. It may have been derived from the Italian *Vappa*, which Florio explains "any wine that hath lost his force: used also for a man or woman without wit or reason." In Hutton's Dict. 1583, one of the meanings of the Latin *Vappa* is a *Dissard* or *foolish man*, &c.

²⁰ A military phrase for running the charge in a tournament or attack; here used metaphorically.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot vension pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but SHAL. SLENDER, and EVANS.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets²¹ here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas²²?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says:

²¹ Slender means a popular book of Shakspeare's time, "*Songes and Sonnettes*," written by the Earle of Surrey and others," and published by Tottel in 1557.

²² This is an intended blunder. Theobald would in sober sadness have corrected it to Martlemas.

I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel²³ of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

²³ i. e. *part*, a law term, often used in conjunction with its synonyme.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow²⁴ *[Exit SIMPLE]*. A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword

²⁴ It was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.

and dagger with a master of fence²⁵, three veneys²⁶ for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson²⁷ loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd²⁸:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye²⁹, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

²⁵ *Master of fence* here signifies not merely a fencing-master, but a person who had taken his master's degree in the science. There were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played with various weapons, in some open place or square. Tarlton the player 'was allowed a master' on the 23d of October, 1587, 'he being ordinary grome of her majesty's chamber.' The unfortunate Robert Greene played his master's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons, &c. The MS. from which this information is derived is a Register belonging to some of the Schools of the noble Science of Defence, among the Sloane MSS.—*Brit. Mus. No. 2530, xxvi. D.*

²⁶ Veney, or Venue, *Fr.* a touch or hit in the body at fencing, &c.

²⁷ The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

²⁸ i. e. passed all expression.

²⁹ By cock and pye was a popular adjuration. See Note on Henry IV. P. 2, Act v. Sc. 1.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. 7
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry¹, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: —give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

¹ i. e. *launder*, from the *Fr. Lavandiere*.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar¹, and Pheezar, I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime²: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit BARD.*

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico³ for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

¹ *Keysar* old spelling for Cæsar, the general word for an emperor. *Kings and Keysars* is an old phrase in very common use, *Pheezar*, a made word from Pheeze, in the Induction to *Taming of a Shrew*.

² To froth beer and to lime sack were tapster's tricks. Mr. Steevens says the first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard, the other by mixing lime with the wine to make it sparkle in the glass.

³ 'A fico for the phrase.' See *K. Henry IV. Part 2. A. S.*

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves⁴, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels⁵.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious cyliads⁶: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

⁴ It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona. "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vst.* I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at supper time."

⁵ Gold coin.

⁶ *Ocellades*. French. Ogles, wanton looks of the eyes. Cotgrave translates it, 'to cast a sheep's eye.'

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour⁷.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention⁸, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater⁹ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah [*to ROB.*], bear you these letters tightly¹⁰;

Sail like my pinnace¹¹ to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

⁷ What distinguishes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakspeare such an affectation seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. Some modern dramatists have also thought so.

⁸ i. e. attention. ⁹ *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer.

¹⁰ Cleverly, adroitly.

¹¹ A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and was also called a *Brigantine*. Under the words *Catascopium* and *Celox* in Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, we have 'a Brigantine or *Pinnace*, a light ship that goeth to espie.' Hence the word is used for a go-between. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Justice Overdo says of the pig-woman, "She has been before me, punk, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years."

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts¹²! for gourd and
 fullam¹³ holds,
 And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
*Tester*¹⁴ I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
 Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be
 humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
 How Falstaff, varlet vile,
 His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
 And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense¹⁵
 Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with
 yellowness¹⁶, for the revolt of mien is dangerous:
 that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I se-
 cond thee; troop on. *[Exeunt.]*

¹² A burlesque on a passage in Tamburlaine, or the Scythian
 Shepherd:

———“and now doth ghastly death
 With greedy talents gripe my bleeding heart,
 And like a harper tyers on my life.”

Again, *ibid.*

“Gripping our bowels with retorted thoughts.”

¹³ In Decker's *Bellman of London*, 1640, among the false dice
 are enumerated ‘a bale of fullams’—‘a bale of gordes, with as
 many high men as low men for passage.’ The false dice were
 chiefly made at Fulham, hence the name. The manner in which
 they were made is described in *The Complete Gamester*, 1670,
 12mo.

¹⁴ Sixpence I'll have in pocket. ¹⁵ Instigate. ¹⁶ Jealousy.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Dr. Caius's House.**Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. *[Exit RUGBY.]*

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate¹: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish² that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

Sim. Ay, for a fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard³, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard⁴.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of

¹ i. e. breeder of debate, maker of contention.

² *Foolish.* Mrs. Quickly possibly blunders, and would say *precise*.

³ See a Note on K. Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 6.

'And what a beard of the general's cut.'

⁴ It is said that Cain and Judas in old pictures and tapestry were constantly represented with yellow beards. In an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from these representations. One of the copies reads a cane-coloured beard, i. e. of the colour of cane, and the reading of the 4to. a whey-coloured beard favours this reading.

his hands⁵, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener⁶.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune? Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent⁷: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown-a, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius⁸.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un *boitier*

⁵ This phrase has been very imperfectly explained by the commentators, though they have written 'about it, and about it.' Malone's quotation from Cotgrave was near the mark, but missed it: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main.* A MAN OF HIS HANDS; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him, proud, surly, sullen, stubborn." So says this truly valuable old dictionary from which it is evident that a TALL man of his hands was only a free version of the French *Homme HAUT à la main*. This equivocal use of the words *Haut* and *tall* will also explain the expression a TALL fellow, or a TALL man, wherever it occurs. Mercutio ridicules it as one of the affected phrases of the fantasicos of his age, 'a very good blade,' 'a very tall man!'—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁶ The keeper of a warren.

⁷ Scolded, reprimanded.

⁸ It has been thought strange that Shakspeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's

verd; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a-green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Dépêche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay-j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy? *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; 'hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

reign. But Shakspeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's *Quest of Enquirie*, 1604, a story called 'the Foole of Windsor,' turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physicke.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, *baillez* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-awhile. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it); my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit SIMPLE.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer⁹!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fen. How now, good woman: how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

⁹ The goujere, i. e. *morbis Gallicus*. The good-jer and good yeare were common corruptions of this phrase.

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest¹⁰, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly¹¹ and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot?
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian¹, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go

¹⁰ She means, I protest.

¹¹ Melancholy.

¹ The meaning of this passage is at present obscure. Dr. Johnson conjectured, with much probability, that Shakspeare wrote *Physician*, which would render the sense obvious.

to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could

show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou heest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack²; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light³: here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

² *To hack* was the appropriate term for chopping off the spurs of a knight when he was to be degraded. The meaning therefore appears to be —“these knights will degrade you for an unqualified pretender.” Another explanation has been offered; supposing this to be a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. “These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one.”

³ A proverb applicable to superfluous actions in general.

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more), and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press⁴, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

⁴ *Mrs. Page*, who does not seem to have been intended in any degree for a learned lady, is here without the least regard to propriety made to talk like an author about the press and printing. The translations of the Classics, as Warton judiciously observes, soon inundated our poetry with pedantic allusions to ancient fable, often introduced as incongruously as the mention of Pelion here. The nautical allusions in the succeeding passages are not more appropriate. But Shakspeare does not often err in this way.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness⁵ of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail⁶ dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry⁷; Ford, perpend⁸.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot⁹: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

⁵ i. e. the caution which ought to attend on it.

⁶ A curtail dog was a common dog not meant for sport, part of the tails of such dogs being commonly cut off while they are puppies; it was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running, hence a dog that missed his game was called a curtail, from which cur is probably derived.

⁷ A medley.

⁸ Consider.

⁹ The liver was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passions. Thus in an old Latin distich:

'Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras
Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.'

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [*To* PAGE.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour¹⁰ out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

¹⁰ The first folio reads—*English*. The abuse of this word *humour* by the coxcombs of the age had been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

Asp. But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour,
O 'tis worse than most ridiculous.

Cor. He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his *humour*.—

Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.

Steevens quotes an Epigram from *Humours Ordinarie*, 1607, to the same effect.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian¹¹, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well¹².

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to MRS. FORD.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MRS. QUICKLY.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

¹¹ i. e. a Chinese, *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there; hence a sharper or thief was sometimes called a *Cataian*.

¹² This and the two preceding speeches are soliloquies of Ford, and have no connexion with Page says, who is also making comments on what he is attending to.

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*]

Shal. Will you [to PAGE] go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, Cavaliers¹³?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword¹⁴, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, SHAL. and PAGE.*]

¹³ The folio of 1623 reads *An-heires*, which is unintelligible; the word in the text, the conjecture of Mr. Boaden, Malone considered the best that had been offered. *Cavaleires* would have been the orthography of the old copy, and the host has the term frequently in his mouth. Mr. Steevens substituted *hearts*.

¹⁴ Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length, and were used with both hands. Shallow, with an old sword, was the subject of ridicule. See *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. P. 1, Act ii. Sc.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily; She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made¹⁵ there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage¹.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow² Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan³, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

¹⁵ An obsolete phrase, signifying—'what they *did* there.' In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here; for what *do* you here.

¹ *Equipage* appears to have been a cant term, which Warburton conjectured to mean stolen goods. Mr. Steevens thinks it means attendance; i. e. 'if you will lend me the money, I will pay you again in attendance,' but has failed to produce an example of the use of the word in that sense.

² i. e. he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

³ Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakspeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The fashion was most probably imported from

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: -go.—A short knife and a throng⁴;—to your manor of Pickt-hatch⁵, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, rogue, will ensconce⁶ your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice⁷ phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Italy, for in the *HABITI ANTICHI ET MODERNI di tutte il Mondo*, published at Venice in 1680, from drawings by Titiano and Cesare Vecelli, are several represented of various forms, of which these are two.



Thus in the second Sestiad of Marlow's *Hero and Leander*.

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

⁴ i. e. go and cut purses in a crowd. Purses being then worn hanging at the girdle.

⁵ *Pickt hatch* was in Turnbull Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a *hatch* or half door with spikes upon it a necessary defence to a brothel and hence the term became a cant phrase to denote a part of the town noted for brothels.

⁶ *A scounce* 'ion, to *ensconce* is therefore to protect as with a *fr*

⁷ *Aleho*
alehouse,

"ttice"
don

ly denoted an

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—~~mine~~ own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Ford, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries⁸ as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and

⁸ A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. *Canary* was, however, a quick and lively dance mentioned in *All's Well* that *Ends Well*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say), but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners⁹; but I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot¹⁰ of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold¹¹ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

⁹ i. e. Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakspeare, in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

¹⁰ To wot is to know. So in *K. Henry VIII.* wot you what I found?

¹¹ *Frampold* here means *fretful*, *peevish*, or *various*. This obsolete word is of uncertain etymology.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves¹²; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word¹³, that you may know one

¹² *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than *by all means*, for the sake of all love. It is again used in *Othello* and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

¹³ *A watchword*.

another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights¹⁴;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them
all! [Exit PISTOL.]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack¹⁵.

¹⁴ *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight, or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.—*Phillips's World of Words.*

¹⁵ It seems to have been a common custom in taverns in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance), by way of introduction to acquaintance. The practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the *Parliamentary History*, vol. xxii. p. 114, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk*, by Dr. Price. "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but wine followed me as a present from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via*¹⁶!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

¹⁶ *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains — "an adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch." It appears to have been a common exclamation in Shakespeare's time. Antonini renders it in Latin *eja, aga*.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith¹⁷ you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance¹⁸; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

¹⁷ Since.

¹⁸ Observance is diligent heed, or attention.—*Bullokar.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance¹⁹, authentick in your place and person, generally allowed²⁰ for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so se-

¹⁹ i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies.

²⁰ Allowed is approved. So in King Lear:

———“if your sweet sway
Allow obedience,” &c.

curely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward²¹ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you), by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance! Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured, I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue!

²¹ i. e. defence.

I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile²²; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason²³, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol²⁴ cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ²⁵ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself:

²² This is a phrase from the Herald's Office. Falstaff means that he will *add more titles to those Ford is already distinguished by.*

²³ Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, may be consulted concerning these demons. "*Amaimon*," he says, "was King of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." But Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armory*, informs us that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a *Sagittarius*, and has thirty legions under him."

²⁴ A tame contented cuckold knowing himself to be one. From the Saxon *wittan*, to know.

²⁵ Usquebaugh.

then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy !—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin¹, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt². Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder³? ha! is he dead, bully Stale⁴? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

¹ The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing.

² Terms in fencing. The *stoccado*, the *réverso*, &c. from the Italian.

³ *Heart of elder.* The joke is that elder has a heart of pith.

⁴ *Bully-stale* and *king-urinal*, these epithets will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors. *Castilian*, a cant word (like *Cataian* and *Ethiopian*), appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets; he here means to call him *coward*.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water⁵.

Caius. Muck-vater; vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

⁵ Drain of a dunghill.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game⁶, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

⁶ Steevens tried to give some kind of meaning to this passage. "Cry'd game," says he, "might mean in those days a professed buck, who was well known by the report of his gallantry as he could have been by proclamation." Warburton conjectures that we should read *Cry Aim*, that is, "Encourage me, do I not deserve it!" This suits the speaker and occasion, and is therefore very plausible. See the second scene of the third act of this play, where the phrase again occurs.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard¹, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul!

[Sings.

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls²
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow——*

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon³,——*

¹ Head.

² This is part of a beautiful little pastoral, printed among Shakspeare's Sonnets in 1599, but in England's Helicon, 1600, it is attributed to Christopher Marlowe, and to it is subjoined an answer, called 'The Nymph's Reply,' signed *Ignoto*, which is thought to be the signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. Walton has inserted them both in his Complete Angler, under the character of that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.—'Old fashioned poetry but choicely good.' Sir Hugh misrecites the lines in his panic. The reader will be pleased to find them at the end of the play.

³ This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

*"When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
Then the remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out."*

The word *rivers* in the second line was probably brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of the madrigal he had just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and profane song together. The old quarto has—'There lived a man in Babylon,' which was the first line of an old song mentioned in Twelfth Night; but the other line is more in character.

*And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow——*

Sim. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urnals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you,

this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and HOST.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de sot⁴ of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog⁵.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall⁶, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ Fool.

⁵ Flouting-stock.

⁶ i. e. *scall'd-head*, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse—

“Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalles*.”

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath

no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim¹. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between

¹ To *cry aim*, in archery was to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. It seems that the spectators in general cried *aim* occasionally, as a mere word of encouragement or applause. Thus, in *K. John*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

‘It ill beseems this presence to *cry aim*
To these ill tuned repetitions.’

Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Curio. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday², he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons³; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having⁴: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—

² To speak out of the common style, superior to the vulgar, in allusion to the better dress worn on holidays. So in *K. Henry IV. P. 1.*

With many *holiday* and lady terms.

³ Alluding to an ancient custom among rustics, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses by carrying the flower called *bachelor's buttons* in their pockets. They judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not growing there. Hence, to wear *bachelor's buttons*, seems to have grown into a phrase for being unmarried.

⁴ i. e. Fortune or possessions. So, in *Twelfth Night*

—' My *having* is not much;
I'll make d^r present with you
Hold, ther^r v^r.

Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—And you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Host.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine⁵ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse;

⁵ *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine, not from the bottle but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument.—‘I’ll give him *pipe* wine, which will make him *dance*.’

and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters¹ in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket²? what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent³, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit ROBIN.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. *[Exit MRS. PAGE.]*

¹ Bleachers of linen.

² Young sparrow-hawk, here used as a jocular term for a small child.

³ A stuffed puppet thrown shrovetide. So, in 'The V Wall,'

'A mere an

t.'

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays⁴.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel⁵? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent⁶ of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance⁷.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent mo-

⁴ i. e. honest women from *loose ones*. The word *Putta* in Italian signifies both a *jay* and a loose woman. So, in *Cymbeline*:

———“some *jay* of Italy

Whose mother was her painting,” &c.

⁵ This is the first line in the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*.

⁶ First folio:—*beauty*.

⁷ That is, any fanciful head-dress worn by the celebrated beauties of Venice, or approved by them. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624. “Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*, Italian compliments and endowments.”

tion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe⁸ were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispig hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury⁹ in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter¹⁰-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln¹¹.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

⁸ *Fortune my foe* is the beginning of a popular old ballad enumerating all the misfortunes that fall on mankind through the caprice of Fortune. The tune was the same with that of 'Death and the Lady,' to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals were chanted for two hundred years and more.

⁹ Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs green as well as dry.

¹⁰ The Counter as a prison was odious to Falstaff.

¹¹ So, in *Coriolanus*—

———"Whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens."

The name of this prison was a frequent subject of jocularity with our ancestors. Shakspeare has availed himself of it in the *Comedy of Errors*. My old acquaintance Baret records one pleasantly enough in his *Alvearie*, 1573.—"We saie merrily of him who hath been in the Counter or such like places of prison. He can sing his counter-tenor very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare. meaning imprisonment."

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras¹².

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—
[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you

¹² The spaces left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.

have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed: call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand, *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time¹³, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee¹⁴; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never.

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

¹³ Bleaching time.

¹⁴ These words, which are characteristic and spoken to Mrs. Page aarde, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call you men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin; Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff¹⁵? look, how you drumble¹⁶: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead¹⁷; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck? I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I

¹⁵ A staff used for carrying a cowl or tub with two handles to fetch water in. "*Bicollo, a cowl-staffe to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once.*"—*Florio's Dictionary*, 1598.

¹⁶ To *drumble* and *drone* meant to move sluggishly. To *drumble*, in Devonshire, means to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. A *drumble* drone, in the western dialect signifies a drone or humble-bee. That master genius of modern times, who knows so skilfully how to adapt his language to the characters and manners of the age in which his fable is laid, has adopted this word in '*The Fortunes of Nigel*,' vol. ii. p. 298:—"Why how she *drumbles*—I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

¹⁷ Dennis observes that, 'it is not likely Falstaff would suffer himself to be carried to Datchet mead, which is half a mile from Windsor; and it is plain that they could not carry him, if he made any resistance.'

have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first;—So, now uncape¹⁸.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Erit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who¹⁹ was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we

¹⁸ Hammer proposed to read *uncouple*; but perhaps *uncap* had the same signification. It means, at any rate, to begin the hunt after him, when the holes for escape had been stopped.

¹⁹ Ritson thinks we should read *what*. This emendation is supported by a subsequent passage, where Falstaff says: "the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* was in the basket." It is remarkable that Ford asked no such question,

will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts?

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—Come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth¹
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne ;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love : still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly ; my
kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't² : slid, tis
but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not
for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye ; master Slender would speak a
word with you.

¹ Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, " that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. Below we have :

' O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.'

² A *shaft* was a long arrow, and a *bolt* a thick short one. The proverb probably means " I'll make something or other of it.—I will do it by some means or other."

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail³, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

³ The sense is obviously "Come who will to contend with me, under the degree of a squire." *Cut and longtail* means all kinds of cortail curs, and sporting dogs, and all others. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in writers of the period, every kind of dog being comprehended under *cut and longtail*, every rank of people in the expression when metaphorically used.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole⁴! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton. Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

⁴ This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The apparent signification here is: 'Happiness be his portion who succeeds best,' but the general meaning of the phrase may be interpreted: 'Let his portion or lot be happy man.' *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the A. S. verb *Dælan*, to deal, to divide, to distribute.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I,
will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once^d to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously^e for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack^f it?

[*Exit.*]

^d i. e. some time to-night.

^e Specially.

^f Neglect.

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse¹ as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices²: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

¹ Pity.

² Cups.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction³, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple

³ M. Mason proposes to read *direction*, but perhaps the change is not necessary.

of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with⁴ a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo⁵, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot,

⁴ WITH, BY, and OF were used indiscriminately with much licence by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have—

'I sooner would suspect the sun *with* cold.'

Detected appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected*, *impeached*. Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, has this very phrase—*detected with*, for *impeached WITH*, or *held in suspicion BY*:—

"What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory
To heare our names WITH *vile fame so detected*."

Detected must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered*, but *suspected* BY the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with*.

⁵ A Bilbo is a Spanish blade remarkable for its temper and flexibility. The best were made at Bilboa, a town in Biscay.

in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address⁶ me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

⁶ Make myself ready.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and
WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous¹ mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

¹ Outrageous.

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; *focative* is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's case*! fie on her! —never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches². Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good 'sprag³ memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit SIR HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious¹ in your love, and I profess your requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love,

² Breeched, i. e. flogged.

³ Quick, alert. The word is *sprack*.

¹ So, in *Hamlet*: 'To do *obsequious* sorrow.' The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.

but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit FAISTAFF.*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns² again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out*³! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company

² i. e. lunacy, frenzy.

³ Shakespeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns.

“Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.”

from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols⁴, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make⁵ you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract⁶ for the remembrance of such

⁴ This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms: he has also introduced pistols in *Pericles*, in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.

⁵ This phrase has been already noticed. It occurs again in *As You Like It*, in the sense of *do*:

‘Now, sir, what make you here?’

It also occurs in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

⁶ i. e. a list, an inventory, or short note of.

places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford⁷, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat⁸, and her muffler too; Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

⁷ In the early 4to it is: "My maid's aunt *Gillian* of Brentford."

⁸ A Hat composed of the weaver's tufts or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.



Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford⁹.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[Exit.]

Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him, quickly despatch.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. *[Exit.]*

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

⁹ This old witch Jyl or Gillian of Brentford seems to have been a character well known in popular story at the time. 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament' was printed by Copland long before, and Laneham enumerates it as in the collection of Capt. Cox, the mason, now well known to all, from the mention of him in the romance of Kenilworth.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and
SIR HUGH EVANS.*

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging¹⁰, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes¹¹! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this

¹⁰ Gang.

¹¹ Surpasses, or goes beyond all bounds.

basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you¹².

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman¹³. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery¹⁴ as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

¹² i. e. 'This is below your character, unworthy of you.'

¹³ Lover.

¹⁴ Falsehood, imposition.

*Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by
MRS. PAGE.*

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon¹⁵! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail¹⁶, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

¹⁵ Means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *Rogneuse*, FR.

¹⁶ Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out* is to open, or bark.

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery¹⁷, he will never, I think, in the way of waste¹⁸, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period¹⁹ to the jest, should he not be publickly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make

¹⁷ Ritson remarks that Shakspeare 'had been long enough in an attorney's office to know that *fee-simple* is the *largest estate*, and *fine and recovery* the *strongest assurance*, known to English Law.' How Mrs. Page acquired her knowledge of these terms he has not informed us.

¹⁸ This is another forensic expression. Mr. Steevens says that the meaning of the passage is, "he will not make further attempts to ruin us by corrupting our virtue and destroying our reputation."

¹⁹ i. e. *right period*, or *proper catastrophe*.

them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off²⁰; I'll sauce them; Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold¹,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in submission,
As in offence;]

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman;

²⁰ To come off is to pay, to come down (as we now say), with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays.

¹ The reading in the text was Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read 'I rather will suspect the sun with gold.'

methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes² the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld³

Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak⁴;
But what of this?

² To take signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So, in *Lear*, Act II. Sc. 4:

‘Strike her young bones, ye taking airs, with lameness.’
And in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

—————“No planets strike,

No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm.”

“Of a horse that is taken. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be taken, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease. yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word taken to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false.” C. vii *Markham on Horses*, 1595. Thus also in *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519. “He is taken, or benomed. Attonitus est.”

³ Old age.

⁴ The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by his late majesty's order in 1795.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes⁵, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused⁶ song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch⁷ the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,

⁵ Elf, hobgoblin.

⁶ *Some diffused song*, appears to mean some *obscure strange* song. In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* the word occurs in this sense: "speak you Welsh to him: I doubt not but thy speech shall be more *diffuse* to him, than his French shall be to thee." Cotgrave explains *diffused* by the French *diffus, espars*, OBSCURE, and in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, I find *obscurum* interpreted 'obscure, difficult, DIFFUSE, hard to understand.' Skelton uses *diffuse* several times for strange or obscure; for instance, in the *Crown of Laurel*:

"Perseus pressed forth with problems *diffuse*."

⁷ *To-pinch*: *to* has here an augmentative sense, like *be* has since had: *all* was generally prefixed, Spenser has *all to-torn*, *all to-rent*, &c. and Milton in *Comus* *all to-ruffled*.

Let the supposed faires pinch him sound⁸,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the
fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Fal-
staff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
perties⁹,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit MRS. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

⁸ *Sound*, for *soundly*, the adjective used as an adverb.

⁹ *Properties* are little incidental necessities to a theatre: *trick-
ing* is dress or ornament.

And he my husband best of all affects :
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court ; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[Exit.]

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed¹; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophagian*² unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [above.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

¹ The usual furniture of chambers, at that time, was a *standing-bed*, under which was a *truckle*, *truckle*, or *running bed* from *trucklea*, a low wheel or castor. In the standing bed lay the master, in the truckle the servant.

² i. e. a cannibal: mine host uses these fastian words to astonish Simple.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell³; What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

³ He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

Host. Thou art clerkly ⁴, thou art clerkly, Sir John :
Was there a wise woman with thee ?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host ; one that hath
taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my
life : and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid ⁵
for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir ! cozenage ! mere cozenage !

Host. Where be my horses ? speak well of them,
varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners : for so soon
as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from
behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set
spurs, and away, like three German devils, three
Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain :
do not say, they be fled ; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host ?

Host. What is the matter, sir ?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments : there
is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is
three cousin germans, that has cozened all the hosts
of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses
and money. I tell you for good-will, look you : you
are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs ; and
it is not convenient you should be cozened : Fare
you well. [*Exit.*

⁴ i. e. Scholar-like.

⁵ *To pay*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *to beat* ; in which sense
it is still not uncommon in familiar language : ' Seven of the ele-
ven I paid,' says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part 1.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*.

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparations for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[*Erit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt HOST and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*⁶. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good

⁶ *Primero* was the fashionable game at cards in Shakspeare's time.

heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser),
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,

Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

{ Showing the letter.

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here¹; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded),
That, quaint² in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or
mother?

¹ In the letter.

² *Quaint*, here, may mean *neatly*, or *elegantly*, which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically*: but either sense will suit.

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I ever more be bound to thee ;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling ;—go.—I'll hold¹ : This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head and mince². [*Exit MRS. QUICKLY.*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook ? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

¹ Keep to the time.

² i. e. *walk*: to mince signified to walk with affected delicacy.

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, hfe is a shuttle³. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese⁴, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word¹ how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*; the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will

³ An allusion to the Book of Job, c. vii. v. 6.

⁴ 'My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.'

¹ To strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.

¹ Watchword.

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil², and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*]

² Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow¹? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

¹ This is technical. 'During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace they are then in so vehement heat.'—*Turberville's Book of Hunting*, 1575.

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation², I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck³, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow⁴ of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman⁵? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

² The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

³ i. e. like a buck sent as a bribe.

⁴ The *keeper*. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

⁵ The *woodman* was an attendant on the forester. It is here however used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game for the object of his pursuit.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs⁶ of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality⁷.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them,
shall die:

I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you
find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy⁸,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

⁶ The old copy reads *orphan* heirs. Warburton reads *owphen*, and not without plausibility; *owphes* being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the furies—*orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself.

⁷ Profession.

⁸ i. e. elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, though she sleep as soundly as an infant.

Quick. About, about;
 Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
 Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room;
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower⁹:
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee;
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery¹⁰.
 Away; disperse: But, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves
 in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth¹¹.

⁹ It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. So, in the *Baucis and Philemon* of Ovid, Met. viii.

———— mensam —

———— aequatam *Mentha* abstersere virenti.

Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

¹⁰ "*Charactery*, is a writing by characters, or by strange marks." — *Bullocker's English Expositor*, 12mo. 1656.

¹¹ By this term is merely meant a mortal man, in contradistinction to a spirit of the earth or of the air, such as a fairy or gnome. It was in use in the north of Scotland a century since, and appears borrowed from the Saxon *Middas Eard*.

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy !
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd¹² even in
thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his finger-end :
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire ?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !
About him fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme :
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right ; indeed he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

SONG.

*Fye on sinful fantasy !
Fye on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire.*

*Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.*

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;

Pinch him for his villany ;

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.*

*During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor
Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in*

¹² By o'er-looked is here meant bewitched by an evil eye, the word is used in that sense in *Glanvilli Sadducismi Triumphatus*, p. 95. Steevens erroneously interprets it 'Slighted as soon as born.' See note on the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2.

———— " Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-looked me ————."

green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.
They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes¹³ Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

¹³ The extremities of yokes for oxen, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble horns. In Cotgrave's Dictionary, voce JOUELLES, we have '*Arched or yoked vines; vines so under propped or fashioned that one may go under the middle of them.*' See also Hutton's Latin, Greek, and English Lexicon, 1585, in voce JUGUM; '*a thing made with forkes, like a gallows, a frame whereon vines are joyued.*'

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize¹⁴? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

¹⁴ I. e. a fool's cap made out of Welsh materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel¹⁵; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me¹⁶: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee¹⁷: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

¹⁵ The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welsh one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

¹⁶ Ignorance itself weighs me down, and oppresses me.

¹⁷ Dr. Johnson remarks, that the two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo! ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*,

by a gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*]

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze¹⁸ her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate¹⁹ and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

¹⁸ Confound her by your questions.

¹⁹ Avoid.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd²⁰.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*]

²⁰ Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having run down Anne Page.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeited love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work yet, having perhaps in the for-

mer plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters, appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide¹. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment; its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in as kilful mouth even he that despises it is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.

JOHNSON.

¹ In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an Italian Merchant very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy of that name, is, like Caius, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced. In the old play of *Henry V.* French soldiers are introduced speaking broken English.

STEEVENS.

THE PASTORAL BY CH. MARLOWE,

Referred to Act iii. Sc. 1, of the foregoing Play.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals :
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from the pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on thy ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.



Olivia. ——— we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this presents.

ACT I. SC. 5.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.



PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE plot of this admirable Comedy appears to have been taken from the second tale in a collection by Barnabe Riche, entitled, "Rich his Farewell to the Militarie Profession," which was first printed in 1583. It is probably borrowed from *Les Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, vol. iv. Hist. vii^{me}. Belleforest, as usual, copied Bandello. In the fifth eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his poems in 1563, an incident somewhat similar to that of the duke sending his page to plead his cause with the lady, and the lady falling in love with the page, may be found. But Rich's narration is the more probable source, and resembles the plot more completely. It is too long for insertion here, but may be found in the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell.

The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the creation of the poet, and they are worthy of his transcendent genius. It is indeed one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies. Dr. Johnson thought the natural fatuity of Ague-cheek hardly fair game, but the good-nature with which his folly and his pretensions are brought forward for our amusement, by humouring his whims, are almost without a spice of satire. It is rather an attempt to give pleasure by exhibiting an exaggerated picture of his foibles, than a wish to give pain by exposing their absurdity. "How are his weaknesses nursed and dandled by Sir Toby into something 'high fantastical' when, on Sir Andrew's commendation of himself for dancing and fencing, Sir Toby answers—'Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water in a cinque-a pace. What dost thou

mean? Is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was framed under the star of a galliard!’ How Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown chirp over their cups; how they ‘rouse the night-owl in a catch able to draw three souls out of one weaver!’—What can be better than Sir Toby’s unanswerable answer to Malvolio: ‘Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?’—We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this, it is Viola’s confession of her love.

Duke. What’s her history?

Viola. *A blank, my lord: She never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin’d in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Was not this love, indeed?*
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my father’s house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.

“Shakspeare alone could describe the effect of his own poetry:

“O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.”

“What we so much admire here is not the image of Patience on a monument, which has been so generally quoted, but the lines before and after it, “They give a very echo to the seat where love is throned.” How long ago it is since we first learnt to repeat them; and still they vibrate on the heart like the sounds which the passing wind draws from the trembling strings of a harp left on some desert shore! There are other passages of not less impas-

sioned sweetness. Such is Olivia's address to Sebastian, whom she supposed to have already deceived her in a promise of marriage.

*' Blame not this haste of mine :—
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace.'*

“ One of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's Songs occurs in this play with a preface of his own to it.

*' Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.'*

“ After reading other parts of this play, and particularly the garden scene where Malvolio picks up the letter, if we were to say that Shakspeare's genius for comedy was less than his genius for tragedy, it would perhaps only prove that our own taste in such matters is more saturnine than mercurial¹.”

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¹ Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 256.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*

Clown, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City in Illyria; and the Sea Coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke.

IF musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south¹,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour².—Enough; no more;

¹ The old copies read *sound*, the emendation is Pope's. Rowe had changed it to wind. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1590, we have—
'more *sweet* than a gentle *south-west* wind which comes creeping over *flowery* fields.'

² Milton has very successfully introduced the same image in *Paradise Lost*:

—————'Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.'

Shakspeare, in his Ninty-ninth Sonnet, has made the violet the thief.

'The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath.'

Pope, in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; and Thomson, in his *Spring*, have availed themselves of the epithet *a dying fall*.

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity³ and pitch soever,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical⁴.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur.

The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me⁵.—How now? what news from
 her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 The element itself, till seven years heat⁶,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;

³ Value.

⁴ Fantastical to the height.

⁵ Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. The thought may have been suggested by Daniel's Fifth Sonnet, in his *Delia*, or by Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586, p. 15, and a passage in the Dedication to Aldington's translation of 'The Golden Ass of Apuleius,' 1666, may have suggested these.

⁶ Heat for heated

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock⁷ of all affections else
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart⁸,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
 (Her sweet perfections) with one self⁹ king!—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Sea Coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you,
 sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may
 he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
 chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

⁷ So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*—'the flock of unspeakable virtues.'

⁸ The *liver*, *brain*, and *heart* were then considered the seats of *passion*, *judgment*, and *sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed it.

⁹ *Self king* signifies *selfsame king*, i. e. one and the same king.

When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea.
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late : for but a month
Ago I went from hence ; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of), that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady :
And might not be delivered to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is¹.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him²,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow³ me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. 'I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design.' Johnson remarks that 'Viola seems to have formed a deep design with very little premeditation.' In the novel upon which the play is founded, the Duke being driven upon the isle of Cyprus, by a tempest, *Silla*, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him. All this Shakspeare knew, and probably intended to tell in some future scene, but afterwards forgot it. Viola, in Act ii. Sc. 4, plainly alludes to her having been secretly in love with the Duke, but it would have been inconsistent with her delicacy to have made an open confession of it to the Captain.

² This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page* not as an *eunuch*.

³ Approve.

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted¹.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall² a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

¹ A ludicrous use of a formal law phrase.

² That is as valiant a man, as tall a man, is used here by Sir Toby with more than the usual licence of the word; he was pleased with the equivoque, and banters upon the diminutive stature of poor Sir Andrew, and his utter want of courage.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril³, that will not drink to my niece, till his

³ A *coystril* is a low, mean, or worthless fellow. Holinshed classes *coisterels* with lacqueys and women, the unwarlike attendants on an army, vol. iii. p. 272. In another passage, speaking of the origin of esquires, he says: 'They were at the first *costerels*, or bearers of the arms of barons and knights, and thereby being instructed in martial knowledge, had that name [i. e. *esquire*], for a dignitie given to distinguish them from common soldiers.' Vol. i. p. 162. The etymology of the word has been variously and erroneously stated. It is evidently from the Low Latin *Coterellus*. *Cotæ seu tugurii habitator, a peasant*: from whence the French *Costerauls*, or *Coteraux*; an association or combination of peasants; or, as Cotgrave says, 'a certain crew of *peasantly* outlaws, who in old time did much mischief unto the nobility and clergy.' It was also given as a nick-name to the emissaries employed by the Kings of England in their French wars. Nicholas Gilles, in his Chronicle, speaking of our Richard I. says: 'En ce mesmes temps Richard Roy d'Angleterre feit eslever et mettre sus une armée des gens, qu'on appelle *Costerauls*, dont estoit chef et conducteur de par luy un nommé Mercadier. Ces *Costerauls* estoient gens de pied, qui servirent les roys d'Angleterre es guerres qu'ils menerent en France.'—And in another place:—'Le dit Richard I. reprint la ville de Tours, et la plus-part des habitants fait par *Costerauls* et Satellites mettre à occision.' These *Costerels* were, I presume, 'a rout of Brabanters,' under Mercadier, of whom Holinshed observes that 'they did the French much hurt by robbing and spoiling the country.' We thus see why it was used as a term of contempt. I find in one or two Dictionaries of the last century *Coistrel* interpreted 'a young lad.' I know not how to account for this; unless it is because

brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top⁴. What wench? Castiliano volto⁵; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch.

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Kastril is the name of a boy in the *Alchemist*. The term *Kestrel*, for an inferior and cowardly kind of hawk, was evidently a corruption of the French *Quercelle* or *Quercerelle*, and had originally no connexion with *Coystril*, though in later times they may have been confounded. The origin of the word *Coterie* has been traced to the same source, yet how distinct is a rude rabblement from a *Coterie*.

⁴ A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work. 'To sleep like a Town-top' is a proverbial expression.

⁵ The old copy reads *Castiliano vulgo*. Warburton proposed reading *Castiliano volto*. In English, put on your Castilian countenance, i.e. 'grave serious looks.' I have no doubt that Warburton was right, for that reading is required by the context, and *Castiliano vulgo* has no meaning. But I have met with a passage in Hall's *Satires*, B. iv. S. 2, which I think places it beyond a doubt:—

————— 'he can kiss his hand in gree.
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer,
With th' Iland congé like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,' &c.

The Spaniards were in high estimation for courtesy, though the natural gravity of the national countenance was thought to be a cloak for villany. The *Castiliano volto* was in direct opposition to the *viso sciolto* which the noble Roman told Sir Henry Wootton would go safe over the world. *Castiliano vulgo*, besides its want of connexion or meaning in this place, could hardly have been a proverbial phrase, when we remember that Castile is the *noblest* part of Spain.

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary

more
sophisticated
play on
words

man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture⁶? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace⁷. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock⁸. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs⁹. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ i. e. Mall Cutpurse, whose real name was Mary Frith. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a bawd, a prostitute, a bully, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. A book called 'The Madde Prankes of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose, by John Day,' was entered on the Stationer's books in 1610. Middleton and Decker wrote a Comedy, of which she is the heroine, and a life of her was published in 1662, with her portrait in male attire. As this extraordinary personage partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which Sir Toby mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age of which neither too much delicacy nor too much decency was the characteristic.

⁷ *Cinque-pace*, the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number 5, also called a *Galliard*.

⁸ Stocking.

⁹ Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacks. Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. *Taurus* is made to govern the *neck and throat*.

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. —Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait¹ unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what
then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

¹ Go thy way.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke.

Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio.

I'll do my best

To woo your lady: yet [*Aside*], a barful² strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V. *A Room in Olivia's House,*

*Enter MARIA and Clown*¹.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may
enter, in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee
for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in
this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

² A contest full of impediments.

¹ The clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed an *allowed* fool, and '*Feste* the jester that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in.' Malvolio speaks of him as '*a set fool*.' The dress of the domestic fool was of two sorts, described by Mr. Douce in his *Essay on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare*, to which we must refer the reader for full information. The dress sometimes appropriated to the character is thus described in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatory*: 'I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap upon his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a *clowne* as I began to call Tarleton's wonted shape to remembrance.'

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good *lenten*² answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break³, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.]*

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. —God bless thee, lady!

² Short and spare. 'Sparing, niggardly, insufficient, like the fare of old times in Lent. Metaphorically, *short, laconic.*' Says Steevens. I rather incline to Johnson's explanation, 'a good *dry* answer.' Steevens does not seem to have been aware that a dry fig was called a *lenten* fig. In fact *lenten* fare was dry fare.

³ Points were laces which fastened the hose or breeches.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna⁴, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

⁴ *Italian*, mistress, dame.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio.

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies⁵.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts⁶, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing⁷, for thou speakest well of fools!

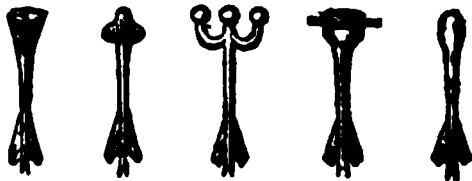
Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

⁵ Fools' baubles.

⁶ *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds, of which these are some of the varieties.

⁷ Lying.



Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*⁸.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

⁸ The membrane that covers the brain.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *[Exit Clown.]*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post⁹, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling¹⁰ when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrew-

⁹ The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations, &c. were affixed.

¹⁰ A *codling* (according to Mr. Gifford), means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape. Mr. Nares says, a *codling* was a young raw apple, fit for nothing without dressing, and that it is so named because it was chiefly eaten when *coddled* or scalded; codlings being particularly so used when unripe. Florio interprets 'Mele cotte, quodlings, boiled apples.'

ishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible¹¹, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

¹¹ Accountable.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad¹², be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping¹³ a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull¹⁴ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant¹⁵, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and

¹² The sense seems to require that we should read—'if you be mad, begone.' For the words *be mad* in the first part of the sentence are opposed to *reason* in the second.

¹³ i. e. wild, frolick, mad.

¹⁴ To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

¹⁵ Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. There is also a pleasant allusion to the diminutive size of Maria, who is subsequently called *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c. It should be recollected that the female parts were played by boys.

what I would, are as secret as maidenhead : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone ; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text.

Vio. In Orsino's bosom ?

Oli. In his bosom ? In what chapter of his bosom ?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it ; it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? you are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was, this presents¹⁶ :—Is't not well done ? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent¹⁷, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy¹⁸.

¹⁶ The old copy reads, 'Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present.' M. Mason proposed to read 'Look you, sir, such *as* once I was, this *presents*.' The simple emendation in the text, which I have ventured upon, makes it intelligible. We may by the slight transposition of a word make it explain itself: 'Look you, sir, such a one I was, as this presents.'

¹⁷ Blended, mixed together.

¹⁸ Shakspeare has a similar thought repeated in his third, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth sonnets.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise¹⁹ me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd²⁰, free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons²¹ of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air²²

¹⁹ i. e. appraise. ²⁰ Well spoken of by the world.

²¹ Cantos, verses. ²² A most beautiful expression for an *echo*.

Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post²³, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon²⁴;—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's²⁵ man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

²³ Messenger. ²⁴ Proclamation of gentility. ²⁵ Count.

Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind²⁶.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe²⁷;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea Coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your
leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a
bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them
on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so ex-
cellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it

²⁶ i. e. she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea
of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength
of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

²⁷ i. e. we are not our own masters, we cannot govern ourselves,
owe for own, possess.

charges me in manners the rather to express¹ myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline², whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder³, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more⁴.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother⁵, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

¹ Reveal.

² Probably intended for *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago,

³ i. e. esteeming wonder, or wonder and esteem.

⁴ There is a similar false thought in *Hamlet*:

'Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears.'

⁵ So, in *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 6.

'And all my *mother* came into my eyes.'

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue¹, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis),

¹ i. e. the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant² enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false³
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge⁴? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this! As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* SIR ANDREW
 AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*¹, thou know'st.—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

² Dexterous, ready fiend.

³ How easy is it for the proper (i. e. fair in their appearance), and false (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women!

⁴ Suit, or fit.

¹ *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lilly's Grammar.

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking².

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three³?

Sir To. Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast⁴. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman⁵: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity⁶; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent? Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

² A ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

' ———strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food.'

Iliad ix.

³ Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, 'We three loggerheads be.'

⁴ i. e. Voice. In Fiddes's *Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 128, 'Singing men *well breasted*.' The phrase is common to all writers of the poet's age.

⁵ i. e. mistress.

⁶ The greater part of this scene, which the commentators have endeavoured to explain, is mere *gracious fooling*, and was hardly meant to be seriously understood. The Clown uses the same fantastic language before. By some the phrase has been thought to mean I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you ; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty⁷,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance⁸ indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that

⁷ *Sweet-and-twenty*, appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

⁸ Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

will draw three spuls out of one weaver⁹? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace*, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*¹⁰.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian¹¹, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey¹², and *Three*

⁹ Shakspeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. The peripatetic philosophy then in vogue liberally gave every man three souls, the *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. Thus, in Hutton's Dictionary, 1683, 'Plato feigned the soul to be *threefold*, whereof he placed reason in the head, anger in the breast, desire or lust under the heart, liver, lites, &c.' But it may be doubted whether any allusion to this division of souls was intended. Sir Toby rather meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a rhodomontade way of expressing, that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man.

¹⁰ This catch is to be found in 'Pammelia, Musicke's Miscellanie, 1616.' The words and musick are in the Variorum Shakspeare.

¹¹ This word generally signified a sharper, Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

¹² Name of an obscene old song.

merry men we be. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley¹³, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December¹⁴,—
[Singing.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'¹⁵ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up¹⁶!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

¹³ An interjection of contempt equivalent to fiddle-faddle, possibly from the Latin *Titivillitium*.

¹⁴ Sir Toby, in his cups, is full of the fragments of old ballads: such as, 'There dwelt a man in Babylon.'—'Three merry men are we,' &c. The latter was composed by W. Lawes, and may be found in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.

¹⁵ *Cobblers, or botchers.* Dr. Johnson interprets it *tailors*, but erroneously.

¹⁶ An interjection of contempt, signifying, *go hang yourself, or go and be hanged.*

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since *I* must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But *I* will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yēs, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain¹⁷ with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule¹⁸; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

¹⁷ Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing 'velvet or sattin with a chain of gold.' One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was rubbing it with crumbs.

¹⁸ Behaviour, or conduct. Hence gambols and frolicsome behaviour was called mis-rule.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word¹⁹, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us²⁰, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned²¹ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths²²: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

¹⁹ By-word.

²⁰ Inform us.

²¹ Affected.

²² i. e. by great parcels or heaps. *Swarths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea²³.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut²⁴.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

²³ Amazon.

²⁴ This term of contempt probably signified call me *gelding* or horse. Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I, says—'Spit in my face, call me horse.' It is of common occurrence in old plays. *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail*. One of the carriers' horses in the first part of Henry IV. is called *Cut*.

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.**Duke.* Give me some musick :—Now, good morrow, friends :—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night;
 Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
 More than light airs and recollected terms¹,
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
 Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.*Duke.* Who was it?*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord : a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.*[Exit CURIO.—Musick.*

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
 In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
 For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 Save, in the constant image of the creature
 That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd².

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;
 Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour³.¹ *Recalled, repeated* terms, alluding to the repetitions in songs.² i. e. to the heart.³ The word *favour* is ambiguously used. In the preceding speech it signified *countenance*.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn⁴,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free⁵ maids that weave their thread with
bones,

⁴ i. e. consumed, worn out.

⁵ i. e. *chaste* maids, employed in making lace. This passage has sadly puzzled the commentators; their conjectures are some of them highly amusing. Johnson says '*free* is perhaps *vacant*, *unengaged*, *easy in mind*.' Steevens once thought it meant *unmarried*; then that it might mean *cheerful*: and at last concludes that '*its precise meaning cannot easily be pointed out*.' Warton mentions, in his notes on *L'Allegro* of Milton, that it was a common attribute of woman, coupled mostly with *fair*, but he did not venture upon an explanation. The following extracts will show that

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth⁶,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age⁷.

in our older language *free* was often used for *chaste*, *pure*. Thus Chaucer in the Prioress's Tale:—

‘O mother maide, O maide and mother *fre*.’—*Verse* 13397.

———— ‘This song, I have heard say
Was makid of our blissful Lady *fre*.’—*Verse* 13594.

‘Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certain
In honour of that blisful maiden *fre*.’

Mr. Tyrwhitt notices one of these instances in his Glossary, and, strange to say, explains it ‘*liberal, bountiful*.’

In the Speculum Vitæ of Richard Rolle, MS. I find it thus again applied to the Virgin Mary:—

‘For our Lorde wolde boren be
Of a weddid woman that was *fre*,
That was blessid Marye *mayde clene*.’

The force of the word will be best understood by the following examples of its use from the same poem:—

‘Wherfor God sais in the Gospelle—
Yf two of yow with hert *fre* (i. e. pure,)
Accorden togethir with me,
Whatever ye of my fadir craue,
Withoute doute ye sal haue.’

Again:—

‘When he praied to God with hert *fre*.’

Its occurrence in Spenser and our old Metrical Romances is so frequent, coupled with *fair*, that I am surprised it had not struck some of the commentators that *beauty* and *chastity* were the highest gifts with which the sex could be endowed; but Drayton uses it in his fourth Eclogue:—

‘A daughter cleped Dowsabel, a maiden *fair and free*.’

And Ben Jonson makes part of the praise he lavishes on Lucy Countess of Bedford:—

‘I meant to make her fair, and *free* (i. e. chaste), and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great.’

Mr. Todd was acquainted with this and other instances, and has yet erroneously interpreted the word ‘*accomplished, genteel, charming*!’

⁶ *Silly sooth*, or rather *sely sooth*, is simple truth.

⁷ The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁸ let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure 'will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

⁸ It is not clear whether a shroud of the stuff now called crape, anciently called *cypress*, is here meant, or whether a coffin of cypress wood was intended. The cypress was used for funeral purposes; and the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with a *white* shroud. It is even possible that branches of cypress only may be meant. We see the shroud was *stuck all with yew*, and cypress may have been used in the same manner. In Quarles's *Argalus and Parthenia*, a knight is introduced, whose

————— 'horse was black as jet,
His furniture was round about beset
With branches slipt from the *sad cypress tree*.'

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal⁹—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks¹⁰ her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio.

'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare

⁹ The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.

¹⁰ That *beauty* which nature *decks* her in.

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud¹¹,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief¹². Was not this love, indeed?

¹¹ So in the fifth Sonnet of Shakspeare:—

‘ Which like a *canker* in the fragrant rose
Doth spot the beauty of thy *budding* name.’

And in the Rape of Lucrece:—

‘ Why should the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud*?’

Again in Richard II.—

‘ But now will *canker* sorrow eat my *buds*,
And chase the native beauty from my *cheek*.’

¹² So Middleton in *The Witch*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

‘ She does not love me now, but painfully
Like one that's forc'd to smile upon a grief.’

The commentators have overlaid this exquisite passage with notes, and created difficulties where none existed. Mr. Boswell says, the meaning is obviously this:—‘ While she was smiling at grief, or in her grief, her placid resignation made her look like patience on a monument.’ A passage in the most pathetic poet of antiquity which exhibits a similar description of a silent and hopeless passion, has been pointed out by Mr. Taylor Combe, of the British Museum:—

Ενταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη
Κεντροῖς ἔρωτος ἢ τάλαιν ἀπόλλυται
Σίγη· ξυνοιδε δ' οὐτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.

Euripides Hippol, v. 38.

We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not :—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay¹³.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought
me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ;
and we will fool him black and blue :—Shall we
not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How now,
my nettle of India¹ ?

¹³ Denial.

¹ The first folio reads '*mettle* of India.' By the nettle of India
is meant a zoophyte, called *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the In-

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy², it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets³ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

dian seas. '*Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritus quendam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ est sortita.*'—FRANZII HIST. ANIMAL. 1665, p. 620. In Holland's translation of Pliny, Book ix. 'As for those nettles, &c. their qualities is to raise an itching smart.' So, Green in his 'Card of Fancie,' 'The flower of India, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart.' He refers to it again in his *Mamiliæ*, 1593. Maria has certainly excited a congenial sensation in Sir Toby. *Mettle of India* would signify my girl of gold, my precious girl.

² Love.

³ To jet was to strut. 'To jette lordly through the streets that men may see them.' *Incedere magnifice per ora hominum.* Baret. So, in Bussy D'Ambois:—

'To jet in other's plumes so haughtily.'

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy⁴ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows⁵ him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state⁶,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed⁷, where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies⁸ there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

⁴ Mr. R. P. Knight conjectures that this is a corruption of *Stratici*, a title anciently given to the Governors of Messina, and Illyria is not far from Messina. If so it will mean the *Governor's lady*. The word *Strachy* is printed with a capital and in Italics in the first folio.

⁵ Puffs him up.

⁶ State chair.

⁷ Couch.

⁸ It is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁹, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control¹⁰:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech*:—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight*;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew*:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him?

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus

⁹ Thus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the clown says:—
“who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me.”

¹⁰ It may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bears a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in ‘*The Arabian Nights*.’ Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of ‘*The Arabian Nights*’ had appeared. In ‘*The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized*,’ bl. l. printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related. See *Dial. c.* p. 122, reprint of 1816.

makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?*

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock¹¹!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;*

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl¹² checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady.

¹¹ i. e. *badger*, a term of contempt. So in the *Merry Conceited Jests* of George Peele:—‘*This self-conceited brock.*’

¹² The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his book of *Falconry*, is, ‘when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them.’

Why, this is evident to any formal capacity¹³. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I*.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹⁴ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M, But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name: Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit*

¹³ i. e. to any one in his senses, or whose capacity is not out of form.

¹⁴ Sowter is here used as the name of a hound. Sowterly is often employed as a term of abuse: a Sowter was a cobbler or botcher; quasi Sutor.

embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough¹⁵, and appear fresh. Be opposite¹⁶ with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered¹⁷: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—*The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champion¹⁸ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice¹⁹, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.

¹⁵ Skin of a snake.

¹⁶ i. e. adverse, hostile.

¹⁷ A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters crossed on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcomical.

¹⁸ Open country.

¹⁹ i. e. exactly the same in every particular. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *à point devisé*. '*A point*,' says Nicot, '*adverbe. C'est en ordre et estat deu et convenable.*' We have also *Point blank* for direct from the same source.

Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy²⁰.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip²¹, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she

²⁰ Alluding to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of ambassador from the Sophy. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour.

²¹ An old game played with dice or tables. Thus in Machiavel's Dog. Sig. B. 4to. 1617.

‘ But leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile,
To passage treitrippe, hazard, or mumchance.’

abhors ; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick : Dost thou live by thy tabor¹ ?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clo. No such matter, sir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him : or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age !—A sentence is but a cheveril² glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

¹ Tarleton, in a print before his *Jests*, 4to. 1611, is represented with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of fools, long before the time of Shakspeare.

² Kid. Ray has a proverb 'He hath a conscience like a cheverel's skin.' See note on *K. Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus³ of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar⁴. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard⁵, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Practice
wise*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

³ See the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

⁴ In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid she is thus spoken of:—

——— 'great penurye

Thou shalt suffer, and as a beggar dye.'

And again,

'Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,

With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*.'

⁵ A *wild hawk*, or, hawk not well trained.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁶ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste⁷ your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented⁸.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.*
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

⁶ Bound, limit.

⁷ In the *Frogs* of Aristophanes a similar expression occurs, v. 462. 'ΓΕΥΣΑΙ τῆς θύρας,' i. e. taste the door, knock gently at it.

⁸ i. e. our purpose is anticipated. So in the 119th Psalm, 'Mine eyes prevent the night-watches.'

⁹ i. e. ready, apprehensive; vouchsafed, for vouchsafing.

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment;
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here¹⁰,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving¹¹

Enough is shown; a cyprus¹², not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise¹³; for 'tis a vulgar¹⁴ proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

¹⁰ i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affections.

¹¹ Ready apprehension.

¹² i. e. a thin veil of crape or *cyprus*.

¹³ Step.

¹⁴ Common.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre¹⁵ all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

¹⁵ *In spite of.* from the French *malgré*.

And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir An-
drew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more fa-
vours to the count's serving man, than ever she be-
stowed upon me ; I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o'me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brim-
stone in your liver : You should then have accosted
her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from

the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist¹ as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst² and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st*³ him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will be in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough

¹ The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. They seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire.

² 'Be curst and brief.' *Curst* is *cross, froward, petulant*.

³ Shakspeare is thought to have had Lord Coke in his mind, whose virulent abuse of Sir Walter Raleigh on his trial was conveyed in a series of *THOU's*. His resentment against the flagrant conduct of the attorney general on this occasion was probably heightened by the contemptuous manner in which he spoke of players in his charge at Norwich, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them.

for the bed of Ware⁴ in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*⁵: Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes⁶ cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite⁷, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine⁸ comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

⁴ This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

⁵ Chamber. ⁶ Waggon ropes. ⁷ i. e. adversary.

⁸ The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched birds are usually the smallest of the brood. The boy who played Maria's part was probably of diminutive size.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies⁹: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage), But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns

⁹ Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included.

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth¹, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed² in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
purse :

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
ledge,
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy

¹ Wealth, or fortune.

² *Lapsed*, for *lapsing* or *transgressing*. See note on Hamlet,
Act iii. Sc. 4.

You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor-
row'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil¹,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his
wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

¹ ' ——— he is *sad* and *civil*.' That is *serious* and *grave*, or *solemn*. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

' ——— Come, *civil* night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black.'

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad² occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:—*'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,—*

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

² Grave.

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made; if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness³.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her⁴; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow⁵! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing ad-

³ 'Tis midsummer moon with you' was a proverbial phrase signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

⁴ Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

⁵ Malvolio takes the word in its old favourable sense of companion.

heres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him; let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock⁶? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁷ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier⁸!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room⁹, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure,

⁶ See *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2, Note 15.

⁷ A play among boys.

⁸ *Collier* was in Shakspeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb 'Like will to like, as the *devil* with the *collier*.'

⁹ The reason for putting him in a *dark room* was to make him believe he was *mad*, a *mad house* seems formerly to have been called a *dark house*.

and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning¹⁰.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.—*

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

¹⁰ It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible¹¹; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

¹¹ Adjectives are often used by Shakspeare and his cotemporaries adverbially.

And laid mine honour too unchary¹² out :
There's something in me, that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel¹³ for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow,
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't :
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him,
I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight,
bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard
end : dismount thy tuck¹⁴, be yare¹⁵ in thy preparation,
for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath
any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offence done to any man.

¹² Uncautiously.

¹³ *Jewel* anciently signified any precious ornament of superfluity.

¹⁴ Rapier.

¹⁵ Ready, nimble.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration¹⁶; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob¹⁷, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk¹⁸.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the

¹⁶ i. e. he is a *carpet-knight* not dubbed in the field, but on some peaceable occasion; *unhatch'd* was probably used in the sense of *unhack'd*. But perhaps we should read *an hatch'd rapier*, i. e. a rapier the hilt of which was enriched with silver or gold.

¹⁷ A corruption most probably of *hab or nab*: have or have not, hit or miss, at a venture. *Quasi, have, or n'ave*, i. e. have not from the Saxon *habban*, to have: *nabban*, not to have. So, in Holinshed's description of Ireland, 'The citizens in their rage shot *habbe or nabbe*.'

¹⁸ Sort.

knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit SIR TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement¹⁹; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite²⁰ that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil²¹; I have not seen such a firago²². I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in²³, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you²⁴ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

¹⁹ Decision.

²⁰ Adversary.

²¹ Shakspeare may have caught a hint for this scene from the behaviour of Sir John Daw and Sir A. La Foole in Jonson's *Silent Woman*, which was printed in 1609.

²² *Firago*, for *virago*. The meaning appears to be, I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.

²³ A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

²⁴ i. e. hits you.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited²⁵ of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better be-thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello²⁶ avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

²⁵ He has a horrid conception of him.

²⁶ Laws of duel.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker²⁷, I am
for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.
[*To* SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well.
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

²⁷ i. e. one who takes up or undertakes the quarrel of another.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having²⁸ is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, varnness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,——

And to his image, which, methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!——

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.——

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

²⁸ i. e. fortune, possessions.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished²⁹ by the devil.

1 *Off*. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I³⁰.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass³¹; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not. [*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

²⁹ Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or *flourished* devices.

³⁰ i. e. I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.

³¹ His resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek¹, depart from me: There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase².

¹ *A merry Greek*, or *a foolish Greek* were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called who spent their time in riotous mirth. Whether the Latin *pergræcari*, of the same import, furnished the phrase or not, it was in use in France and Italy as well as in England.

² i. e. at a very extravagant price, *twelve years' purchase* being then the current price of estates.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. *[Striking SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? *[Beating SIR ANDREW.*

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[Draws.

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[Draws.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold. Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby³, be gone?—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
 [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 In this uncivil and unjust extent⁴

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up⁵, that thou thereby
 May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
 Do not deny: Beshrew⁶ his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart⁷ of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this⁸? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be
 rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
 beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the
 curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble¹
 myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever

³ Rude fellow. ⁴ Violence. ⁵ Made up. ⁶ Ill betide.

⁷ An equivocal is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, they were formerly written alike.

⁸ i. e. how does this taste? what judgment am I to make of it?

¹ i. e. *disguise*. Shakspeare has here used a Latinism. '*Dis-simulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide, says Hutton's Dictionary, 1583. And Ovid, speaking of Achilles—

'Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat.'

dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall² enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is⁴?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say;—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies!

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

² The modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason.

³ Confederates.

⁴ A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows⁵ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories⁶ towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question⁷.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

⁵ *Bay windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says a bay-window, so called 'because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, i. e. round.'

⁶ *Clear stories*, in Gothic Architecture, denote the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave: q. d. a *clear story*, a story without joists, rafters, or flooring. 'Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere story* windows.'—Ormerod's *Hist. of Cheshire*, i. 450. The first folio reads *clear stores*, the second folio *clear stones*, which was followed by all subsequent editors. The emendation and explanation are Mr. Blakeway's; Randle Holme, however, in his *Academy of Armory*, says that '*clear story* windows are such windows that have no transum or cross piece in the middle to break the same into two lights.'

⁷ Regular conversation.

Clo. Fare thee well : Remain thou still in darkness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock⁸, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas !

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters⁹.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown ; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him ; I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin*¹⁰,

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

⁸ The clown mentions a woodcock because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

⁹ A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning however appears to be 'I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character.' Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says 'he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things.' And in his *Second Frutes*, there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text. '*I am a knight for all saddles.*' Nash in his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, has almost the language of the clown.—'He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's skiffe or cock-boate, where having learned *to brooke all waters*, and drink as he can out of a tarrie can.' Mason's conjecture that the allusion is to the *water* hue or colour of precious stones is surely inadmissible.

¹⁰ This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. i. p. 194, ed. 1794. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder, p. 188.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits¹¹?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me¹²; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow¹³.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent¹⁴ for speaking to you.

¹¹ The *five wits*, in analogy to the five senses. It appears that the five wits were 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory.' *Wit* was then the general term for intellectual power.

¹² Taken possession of.

¹³ The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.

¹⁴ Scolded, reprimanded.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,
 And anon, sir,
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice;
 Like to the old vice¹⁵,
 Your need to sustain;

 Who with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,*

¹⁵ The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil however always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. This used also to be the regular end of Punch in the puppet show (who was the legitimate successor of the old vice or iniquity), until modern innovation, in these degenerate times, reversed the catastrophe. See Note on K. Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 4.

*Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit¹,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse²,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers³,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable⁴. But here the lady comes.

¹ i. e. *intelligence*. Mr. Steevens has referred to several passages which seems to imply that this word was used for *oral intelligence*. I find it thus in a letter from Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton among the Conway Papers. 'This beror came from you with great spede——We have heard his *credit* and fynd your carefulness and diligence very great.'

² i. e. reason.³ Servants.⁴ i. e. *deceptions*.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry⁵ by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles⁶ you are willing it shall come to note ;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth⁷, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father :——And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*

⁵ ' *Chantry*,' a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

⁶ Until.

⁷ *Troth* or *fidelity*. It should be remarked that this was not an actual *marriage*, but a *betrothing*, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage ; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*. This has been established by Mr. Douce in his very interesting *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject, in a note on this passage.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter Clown and FABIAN.**Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.**Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives¹, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.¹ So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—

Come let's kisse.

Moor. Away, away.*Queen.* No, no, says *I*; and twice away says *stay*.Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon the thought in the Sixty-third Stanza of *Astrophel and Stella*.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable:
With which such scathful² grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

² Mischievous, destructive.

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught³, from Candy:
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state⁴,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear⁵,
Hast made thine enemies?

³ Freight.

⁴ Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

⁵ Tooke has so admirably accounted for the application of the epithet *dear* by our ancient writers to any object which excites a sensation of *hurt*, *pain*, and consequently of *anxiety*, *solicitude*, *care*, *earnestness*, that I shall extract it as the best comment upon the apparently opposite uses of the word in our great poet. '*Deareth* is the third person singular of the English (from the Anglo Saxon verb *Deþuan*, *nocere*, *lædere*), *to dære*. It means *some or any season*, *weather*, or other cause, which *dereth*, i. e. maketh *dear*, hurteth, or doth mischief.—The English verb *to dære* was formerly in common use.' He then produces about twenty examples, the last from *Hamlet* —

'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven
Ere I had seen that day.'

Tooke continues—'Johnson and Malone, who trusted to *their* Latin to explain *his* (Shakspeare's) English, for *deer* and *dearest* would have us read *dire* and *direst*; not knowing that *Deþe* and *Deþen's* meant *hurt* and *hurting*, *mischief* and *mischievous*; and that their Latin *dirus* is from our Anglo-Saxon *Deþe*, which they would expunge.' *ETIENNA PTEPOENTA*, Vol. ii. p. 409. A most pertinent illustration of Tooke's etymology has occurred to me in a MS poem by Richard Rolle the Hermit of Hampole:

'Bot flatering tele and loselry,
Is grete *cheþe* in thair courtes namly,
The most *derthe* of any, that is
Aboute tham there, is sothfastnes.'—*Spec. Vitæ*.

Ant.

Orsino, noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me ;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem : a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger),
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio.

How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven
walks on earth.——

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat⁶ and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief⁷, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,

⁶ Dull, gross.

⁷ This EGYPTIAN THIEF was Thyamis. The story is related in the *Aethiopics* of Heliodorus. He was the chief of a band of robbers. Theogenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis falls in love with Chariclea, and would have married her. But, being attacked by a stronger band of robbers, he was in such fear for his mistress that he causes her to be shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held most dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis therefore benetted round with enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
 [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
 wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ! Is it so long !—
 Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband !

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety⁸ :

⁸ i. e. suppress, or disown thy property.

Fear not, Cesario, take thy 'fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe), what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings⁹;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case¹⁰?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

⁹ In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

¹⁰ So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626. 'Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered as I like my silver haired conies at home, the cases are far better than the bodies.'

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates¹¹ than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

¹¹ Otherways.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin¹²; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective¹³, that is, and is not.

¹² The *pavin* was a grave Spanish dance. Sir John Hawkins derives it from *pavo* a *peacock*, and says that every *pavin* had its *galliard*, a lighter kind of air formed out of the former. Thus, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers beside Women*:

‘I can dance nothing but ill favour'dly,
A strain or two of *passe measures galliard*.’

By which it appears that the *passy-measure pavan*, and the *passy measure galliard* were only two different measures of one dance. Sir Toby therefore means by this quaint expression that the surgeon is a rogue and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. In the first act of the play he has shown himself well acquainted with the various kinds of dance. Shakspeare's characters are always consistent, and even in drunkenness preserve the traits of character which distinguished them when sober.

¹³ A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds in use in Shakspeare's time are

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity¹⁴, what kin are you to me? [*To VIOLA.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

enumerated in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, b. xiii. c. 19, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described, 'There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own'—that optical illusion may be meant, which is called *anamorphosis*:—'where that which is, is not,' or appears, in a different position, another thing. This may also explain a passage in Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2: 'Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid.' Vide also K. Richard II. Act ii. Sc. I, and note there

'Like *perspectives* which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing, but confusion; ey'd awry
Distinguish form.'

¹⁴ Out of charity, tell me.

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years..

Vio. If nothing lets¹⁵ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[To OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[To VIOLA.

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

¹⁵ Hinders.

Duke.

Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting¹⁶ frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do;
he has here writ a letter to you, I should have
given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's
epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when
they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool
delivers the madman:—*By the lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow *vox*¹⁷.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend¹⁸, my prin-
cess, and give ear.

¹⁶ i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its object.

¹⁷ This may be explained: 'If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the voice or frantic tone of a madman.'

¹⁸ Consider.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* *The madly-used Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you [To VIOLA]; and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle¹⁹ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

¹⁹ Frame and constitution.

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter²⁰ people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck²¹, and gull,
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad: then cam'st²² in
smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice²³ hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,

²⁰ Inferior.

²¹ Fool.

²² *Thou* is here understood; 'then cam'st *thou* in smiling.'

²³ *Practice* is a deceit, an insidious stratagem. So in the Introduction to the Taming of the Shrew.

'Sirs, I will *practise* on this drunken man.'

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance²⁴;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled²⁵
thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.
I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir;
but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not
mad.*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh
you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's
gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in
his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents²⁶,

²⁴ Importunacy.

²⁵ *Baffled* is cheated. See Note on the first Scene of K. Rich. II.

²⁶ i. e. Shall serve, agree, be convenient.

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence—Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

*Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day,*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

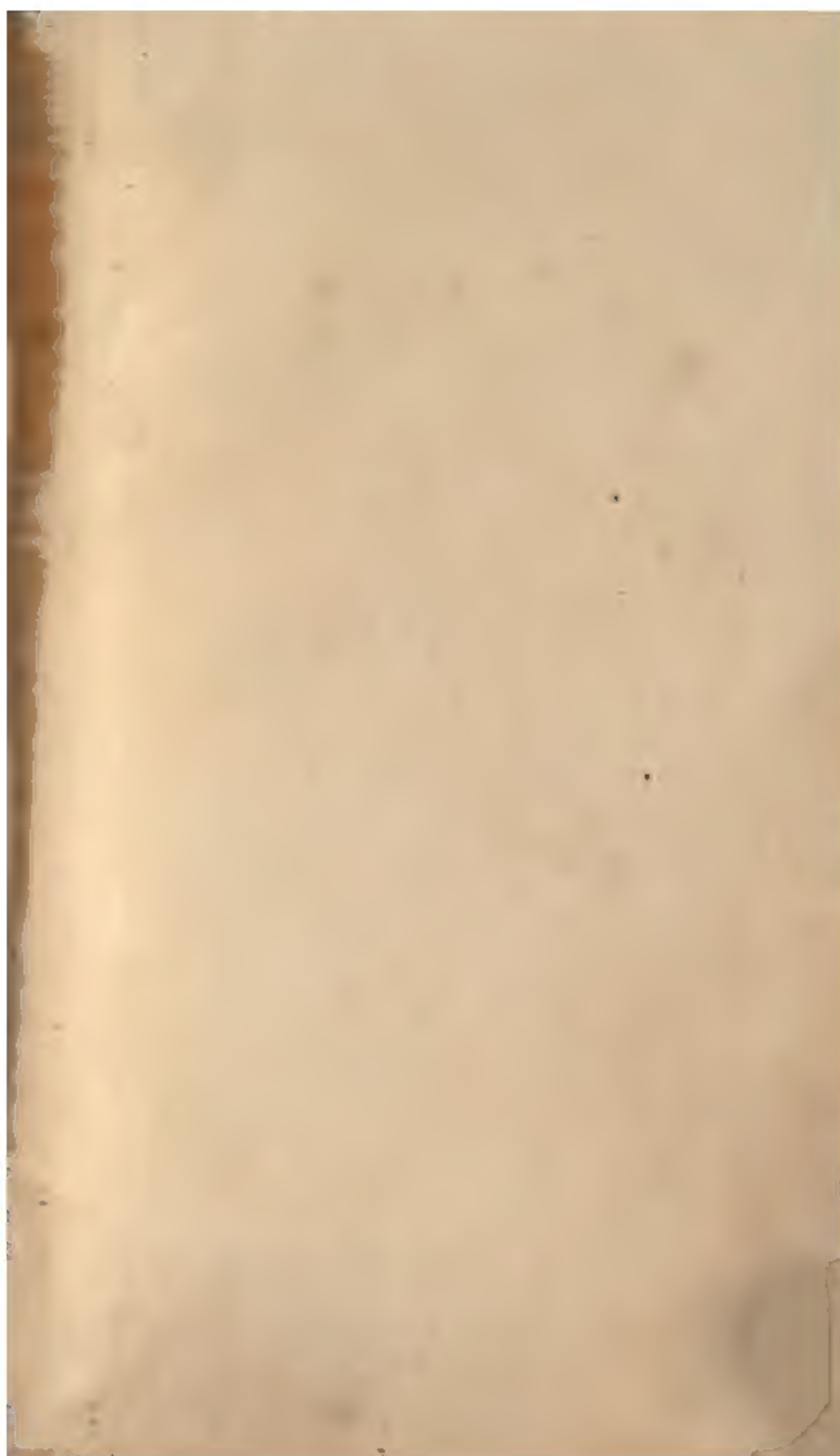
[*Exit.*]

THIS play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. I.

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